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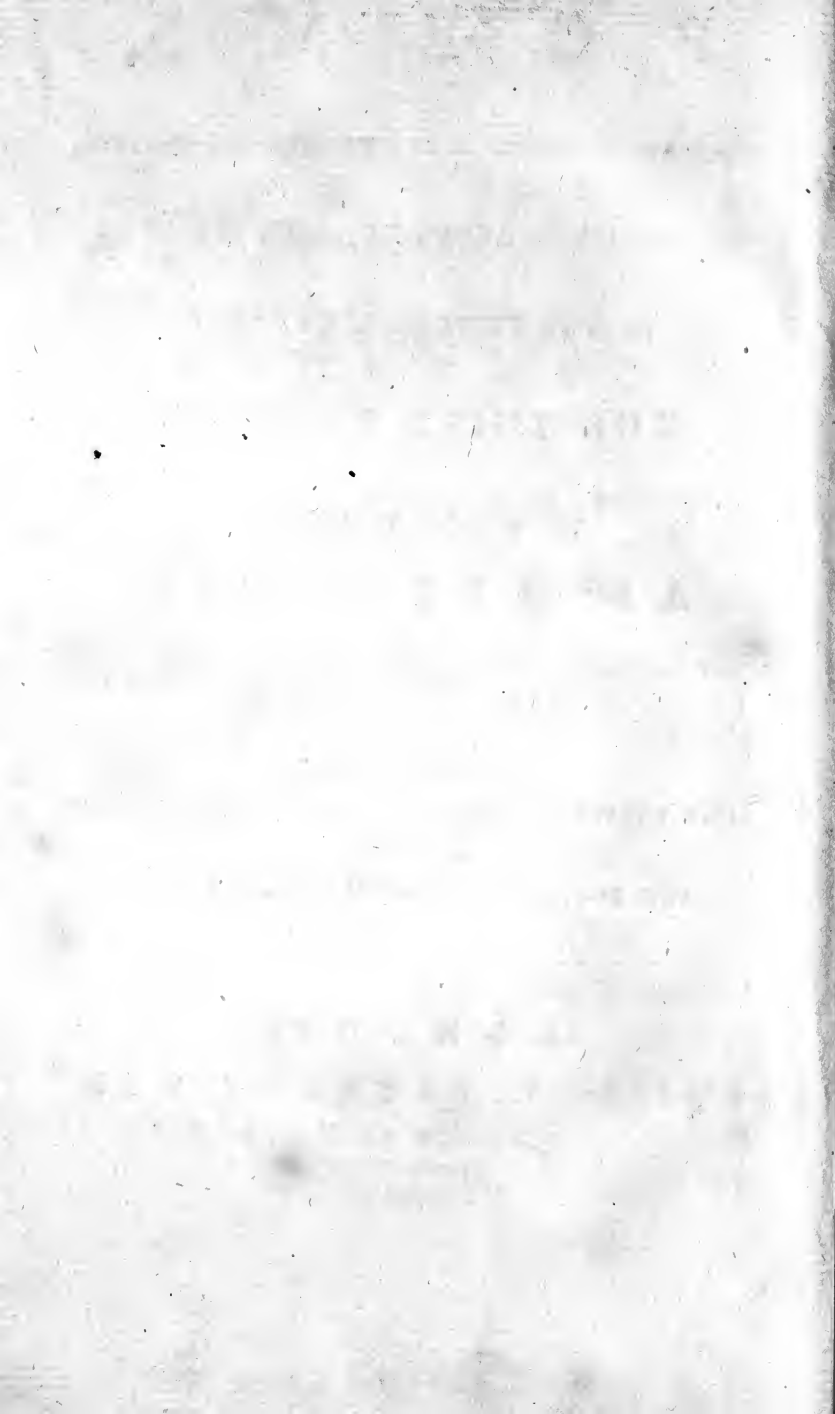












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P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,  
BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,  
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE THIRD EDITION;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A N A P P E N D I X,

CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE  
LANGUAGE OF THESE POEMS;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT  
AUTHOR,

BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. P A Y N E and S O N,  
at the M E W S - G A T E.

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## P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this : “ The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redcliff church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley’s Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that

“ that the person who brought the copy  
“ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of  
“ age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton,  
“ and whose family had been sextons of  
“ Redclift church for near 150 years. His  
“ father, who was now dead, had also been  
“ master of the free-school in Pile-street.  
“ The young man was at first very unwilling  
“ to discover from whence he had the ori-  
“ ginal; but, after many promises made to  
“ him, he was at last prevailed on to ac-  
“ knowledge, that he had received this, *toge-*  
“ *ther with many other MSS,* from his father,  
“ who had found them in a large chest in  
“ an upper room over the chapel on the  
“ north side of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his  
acquaintance with young Chatterton\*, and,  
partly

\* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with  
that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be  
too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short  
life.

partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS.

in

life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS, "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion.

In

in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett,

In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the

Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some

question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it.”

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

of

of a considerable length, written upon vellum\*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August follow-

\* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ing; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their ge-



nuinenefs fhould ferve to authenticate the reft of the collection, of which no copies, older than thofe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments fhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceffity follow, that the matter of them was alfo forged by him, and ftill lefs, that all the other compositions, which he profefled to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either cafe, the decifion muft finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor fhould give an opinion upon this important queftion ; but he rather choofes, for many reafons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been defirous  
that

that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
SEVERAL PIECES  
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. “ *Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*”

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of “ *Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*” which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
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This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, “ *Elinoure*  
and

*and Fuga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley a secular priest.*" And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

p. 23

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

Ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below \*.

THE

\* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

*Songe*

## THE TOURNAMENT.

p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

*Songe to Ælla.*

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—" *Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore*." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brassyng*, r. *burstyng*.

11. for *walyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dyssmall*, r. *honore*.

*Lydgate's answer.*

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *warfes*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate* — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

*Songe to Ælla.*

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes* — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *branded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dyssmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncyng* — Chat. *Istaying*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *our* *Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

#### THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastyngs of Hastyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission fate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“ Item for washyng the church payven ageyns } iiij d. ob.  
 Kyng Edward 4th is comynge.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude.

p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entroduktionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “ Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.

p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ To



“To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “*Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeffe of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another,

the copy of an original by Rowley : and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title ; “ *Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*” The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett’s repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem,

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE, p. 275  
ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton’s hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, “ *A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*” See the Preface, p. xi. n. \*,

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fædera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolyte* by Bishop Carpenter on

19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286  
 ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.  
 THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287  
 THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Ifscamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared

above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £. 500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, “*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*” which had been pawned to him for £. 160.

1870  
The number of the ...  
...  
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...  
...

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Reader is desired to observe,  
*that the notes at the bottom of the  
several pages, throughout the following  
part of this book, are all copied from  
MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas  
Chatterton.*

POEMS,





# P O E M S, &c.

## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

**W**HANNE Englonde, smeethynge <sup>1</sup> from her  
lethal <sup>2</sup> wounde,

From her galled necke dyd twytte <sup>3</sup> the chayne  
awaie,

Kennyng her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)

Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote <sup>4</sup> graie, 5

Twayne lonelie shepsterres <sup>5</sup> dyd abrodden <sup>6</sup> fie,

(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie <sup>7</sup>,)

And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie ;

Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,

Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

<sup>1</sup> *Smething*, smoking ; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the or'al as above. <sup>2</sup> deadly. <sup>3</sup> pluck or pull. <sup>4</sup> *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dres. <sup>5</sup> shepherds. <sup>6</sup> abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne. <sup>7</sup> affright.

## R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,  
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
 Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.  
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped <sup>8</sup> moe, 15  
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
 I haveth lyff, bott have escaped foe,  
 That lyff ytfel mie Senfes doe affraie.  
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie <sup>9</sup> tale,  
 Comme heare the balefull <sup>10</sup> dome of Robynne of the  
 Dale.

20

## R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;  
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus <sup>11</sup> mote <sup>12</sup> telle.  
 Swote <sup>13</sup> flouretts, mantled meadows, forestes  
 dygne <sup>14</sup>;  
 Gravots <sup>15</sup> far-kend <sup>16</sup> arounde the Errmiets <sup>17</sup> cell;

<sup>8</sup> Added. <sup>9</sup> sad. <sup>10</sup> woeful, lamentable. <sup>11</sup> the Devil. <sup>12</sup> might.  
<sup>13</sup> sweet. <sup>14</sup> good, neat, genteel. <sup>15</sup> groves, sometimes used for a  
 coppice. <sup>16</sup> far-seen. <sup>17</sup> Hermit.

The

# ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The swote ribible <sup>18</sup> dynning <sup>19</sup> yn the dell ; 25  
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie <sup>20</sup> courte ;  
 Eke <sup>21</sup> the highe songe and everych joie farewell,  
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte <sup>22</sup> :  
 Impestering <sup>23</sup> trobble onn mie heade doe comme,  
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde <sup>24</sup> the aye <sup>25</sup> encreasynge  
 dome. 30

## R O B E R T E.

Oh ! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees <sup>26</sup>,  
 Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
 Mie tendre applynges <sup>27</sup>, and embodyde <sup>28</sup> trees,  
 Mie Parker's Grange <sup>29</sup>, far spreedyng to the fyghte,  
 Mie cuyen <sup>30</sup> kyne <sup>31</sup>, mie bullockes stringe <sup>32</sup> yn  
 fyghte, 35  
 Mie gorne <sup>33</sup> emblaunched <sup>34</sup> with the comfreie <sup>35</sup>  
 plante,  
 Mie floure <sup>36</sup> Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,  
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.

<sup>18</sup> violin. <sup>19</sup> sounding. <sup>20</sup> inn, or public-house. <sup>21</sup> also. <sup>22</sup> pleasure. <sup>23</sup> annoying. <sup>24</sup> to keep off. <sup>25</sup> ever, always. <sup>26</sup> meadows.  
<sup>27</sup> grafted trees. <sup>28</sup> thick, stout. <sup>29</sup> liberty of pasture given to the  
 Parker. <sup>30</sup> tender. <sup>31</sup> cows. <sup>32</sup> strong. <sup>33</sup> garden. <sup>34</sup> whitened.  
<sup>35</sup> cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. <sup>36</sup> marygold.

I amme duresst<sup>37</sup> unto sorrowes blowe,  
 Ihanten'd<sup>38</sup> to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe. 40

## R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie<sup>39</sup> untill Dethe doe 'pere,  
 Here lyche a foule empysoned leathel<sup>40</sup> tree,  
 Whyche fleaeth<sup>41</sup> everichone that commeth nere,  
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre<sup>42</sup>.  
 I to bement<sup>43</sup> haveth moe cause than thee; 45  
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie<sup>44</sup> fadre lies;  
 Oh! joieous I hys murtherer would flea,  
 And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.  
 Calked<sup>45</sup> from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;  
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte<sup>46</sup> of mie hartes castle stede. 50

## R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome<sup>47</sup> shal bee.  
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn<sup>48</sup>, ystorven<sup>49</sup> ys;

<sup>37</sup> hardened. <sup>38</sup> accustomed. <sup>39</sup> abide. This line is also wrote,  
 "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere" but this is modernized.  
<sup>40</sup> deadly. <sup>41</sup> destroyeth, killeth. <sup>42</sup> grow. <sup>43</sup> lament. <sup>44</sup> much-  
 loved, beloved. <sup>45</sup> cast out, ejected. <sup>46</sup> alluding to the portcullis,  
 which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle. <sup>47</sup> fate.  
<sup>48</sup> my only son. <sup>49</sup> dead.

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;  
 A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.  
 Now from een logges <sup>50</sup> fledden is selyness <sup>51</sup>, 55  
 Mynsterres <sup>52</sup> alleyn <sup>53</sup> can boaste the hallie <sup>54</sup> Seyncte,  
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse  
 And wyth her champyennes gore her face depeyncte ;  
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode <sup>55</sup>,  
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with  
 bloude.

<sup>50</sup> cottages. <sup>51</sup> happyness. <sup>52</sup> monasterys. <sup>53</sup> only. <sup>54</sup> holy.  
<sup>55</sup> complexion.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

**S**PRYTES<sup>1</sup> of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle ſed,  
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce<sup>2</sup> onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
 Uponne the brede<sup>3</sup> ſea doe the banners gleme<sup>4</sup>;  
 The amenufed<sup>5</sup> nationnes be aſton<sup>6</sup>, 5  
 To ken<sup>7</sup> fyke<sup>8</sup> large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme<sup>9</sup>.  
 The barkis heafods<sup>10</sup> coupe<sup>11</sup> the lymed<sup>12</sup> ſtreme;  
 Oundes<sup>13</sup> ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake<sup>14</sup>  
 rieſe;

The water ſlughornes<sup>15</sup> wythe a ſwotye<sup>16</sup> cleme<sup>17</sup>  
 Conteke<sup>18</sup> the dynnynge<sup>19</sup> ayre, and reche the ſkies.<sup>10</sup>  
 Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones<sup>20</sup> aſtedde<sup>21</sup>,  
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

<sup>1</sup> Spirits, ſouls. <sup>2</sup> pleaſure. <sup>3</sup> broad. <sup>4</sup> ſhine, glimmer. <sup>5</sup> di-  
 miniſhed, leſſened. <sup>6</sup> aſtoniſhed, confounded. <sup>7</sup> ſee, diſcover, know.  
<sup>8</sup> ſuch, ſo. <sup>9</sup> ſtrong. <sup>10</sup> heads. <sup>11</sup> cut. <sup>12</sup> glaſſy, reflecting.  
<sup>13</sup> waves, billows. <sup>14</sup> oak. <sup>15</sup> a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a haut-  
 boy. <sup>16</sup> ſweet. <sup>17</sup> ſound. <sup>18</sup> confuſe, contend with. <sup>19</sup> ſounding.  
<sup>20</sup> thrones, <sup>21</sup> ſeated.

The gule <sup>22</sup> depeyncted <sup>23</sup> oares from the black tyde,  
 Decorn <sup>24</sup> wyth fonnes <sup>25</sup> rare, doe shemrynge <sup>26</sup> ryse;  
 Upswalynge <sup>27</sup> doe heie <sup>28</sup> shewe ynne drierie pryde, 15  
 Lyche gore-red estells <sup>29</sup> in the eve <sup>30</sup>-merk <sup>31</sup> skeyes;  
 The nome-depeyncted <sup>32</sup> shields, the speres aryse,  
 Alyche <sup>33</sup> talle roshes on the water fyde;  
 Alenge <sup>34</sup> from bark to bark the bryghte sheene <sup>35</sup>  
 flyes;  
 Sweft-kerv'd <sup>36</sup> delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20  
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,  
 That Englonde's brondeous <sup>37</sup> fonnes do cotte the waie.  
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth <sup>38</sup> here and there, 25  
 Onknowlachyng <sup>39</sup> inne whatte place to obaie <sup>40</sup>.  
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;  
 The mitte <sup>41</sup> crosse Jerusalem ys seene;

<sup>22</sup> red. <sup>23</sup> painted. <sup>24</sup> carved. <sup>25</sup> devices. <sup>26</sup> glimmering.  
<sup>27</sup> rising high, swelling up. <sup>28</sup> they. <sup>29</sup> a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a  
 star. <sup>30</sup> evening. <sup>31</sup> dark. <sup>32</sup> rebus'd shields; a herald term, when  
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. <sup>33</sup> like.  
<sup>34</sup> along. <sup>35</sup> shine. <sup>36</sup> short-lived. <sup>37</sup> furious. <sup>38</sup> runneth. <sup>39</sup> not  
 knowing. <sup>40</sup> abide. <sup>41</sup> mighty.

## 8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie <sup>42</sup>,  
 In balefull <sup>43</sup> dole their faces be ywreene <sup>44</sup>. 30  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers <sup>45</sup> and cottes <sup>45</sup>, foe swyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere ;  
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35  
 Eftsoones <sup>46</sup> hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.  
 The jynynge shieldees doe shemre and moke glare <sup>47</sup> ;  
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted <sup>48</sup> dynne ;  
 The reynyng <sup>49</sup> foemen <sup>50</sup>, thynckeynge gif <sup>51</sup> to dare,  
 Boun <sup>52</sup> the merk <sup>53</sup> fwerde, theie seche to fraie <sup>54</sup>,  
 theie blyn <sup>55</sup>. 40  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte ;  
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel <sup>56</sup> of warre,

<sup>42</sup> affright. <sup>43</sup> woeful. <sup>44</sup> covered. <sup>45</sup> different kinds of boats.  
<sup>46</sup> full soon, presently. <sup>47</sup> glitter. <sup>48</sup> united, assembled. <sup>49</sup> running.  
<sup>50</sup> foes. <sup>51</sup> if. <sup>52</sup> make ready. <sup>53</sup> dark. <sup>54</sup> engage. <sup>55</sup> cease, stand  
 still. <sup>56</sup> a young lion.



## ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie <sup>57</sup> gronfers <sup>58</sup>,  
 dyghte <sup>59</sup>, 45  
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.  
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre  
 Amenge the drybblett <sup>60</sup> ons to sheene fulle bryghte;  
 Syke sunnys wayne <sup>61</sup> wyth amayl'd beames doe barr  
 The blaunchie <sup>62</sup> mone or estells <sup>64</sup> to gev lyghte. 50  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte <sup>65</sup> affraie <sup>66</sup>, wythe lockes of blodde-red  
 die,

Terroure, emburled <sup>67</sup> yn the thonders rage,  
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome <sup>68</sup> flie, 55  
 Enchafynge <sup>69</sup> echone champyonne war to wage.  
 Speeres bevylye <sup>70</sup> speres; swerdes upon swerdes en-  
 gage;

Armoure on armoure dynn <sup>71</sup>, shielde upon shielde;

<sup>57</sup> flaming. <sup>58</sup> a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. <sup>59</sup> deckt. <sup>60</sup> small, insignificant. <sup>61</sup> carr. <sup>62</sup> enameled. <sup>63</sup> white, silver. <sup>64</sup> stars. <sup>65</sup> distracting. <sup>66</sup> affright. <sup>67</sup> armed. <sup>68</sup> terribly. <sup>69</sup> encouraging, heating. <sup>70</sup> break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. <sup>71</sup> sounds.

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre affuage,  
 Botte falleynge numbers fable <sup>72</sup> all the feelde. 60  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde ; the crofs reles <sup>73</sup> hye ;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen ;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe fle, 65  
 And beereth meynthe <sup>74</sup> of Turkes onto the greene ;  
 Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys fleene <sup>75</sup> ;  
 The waylynge <sup>76</sup> mone doth fade before hys sonne ;  
 Bie hyn, hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene <sup>77</sup>,  
 Doeynge syke marvels <sup>78</sup>, strongers be aston <sup>79</sup>. 70  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne ; Kynge Rycharde master is ;  
 The Englonde bannerr kiffeth the hie ayre ;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys <sup>80</sup>, 75  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre <sup>81</sup> ;

<sup>72</sup> blacken.

<sup>73</sup> waves.

<sup>74</sup> many, great numbers.

<sup>75</sup> slain.

<sup>76</sup> decreasing.

<sup>77</sup> glorious, worthy.

<sup>78</sup> wonders.

<sup>79</sup> astonished.

<sup>80</sup> certainly.

<sup>81</sup> brow.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worſchepped there,  
 Twyghte <sup>82</sup> into lovyng armes, and feaſted eft <sup>83</sup>;  
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere <sup>84</sup>,  
 Of all remembrance of paſt payne bereſte 80  
 Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Syke pleaſures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie ſea  
 The upſwol <sup>85</sup> ſayle dyd daunce before his eyne;  
 Sweſte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85  
 And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.  
 Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,  
 Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge  
 proove.

<sup>82</sup> plucked, pulled. <sup>83</sup> often. <sup>84</sup> grief, trouble. <sup>85</sup> ſwollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

**W**OULDST thou kenn nature in her better  
parte?

Goe, ferche the logges <sup>1</sup> and bordels <sup>2</sup> of the hynde <sup>3</sup>;

Gyff <sup>4</sup> theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem <sup>5</sup> you see the blakied <sup>6</sup> forme of kynde <sup>7</sup>.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge <sup>8</sup> of a mynde? <sup>5</sup>

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote <sup>9</sup> bee?

Woulde ytte here phraſe of the vulgar from the  
hynde,

Withoute wiſeegger <sup>10</sup> wordes and knowlache <sup>11</sup> free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge <sup>12</sup>  
pende;

Gif nete beſyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> lodges, huts. <sup>2</sup> cottages. <sup>3</sup> ſervant, ſlave, peaſant. <sup>4</sup> if.  
<sup>5</sup> a contraction of *them*. <sup>6</sup> naked, original. <sup>7</sup> nature. <sup>8</sup> liking.  
<sup>9</sup> might. The ſenſe of this line is, Would you ſee every thing in its  
primæval ſtate. <sup>10</sup> wiſe-egger, a philoſopher. <sup>11</sup> knowledge  
<sup>12</sup> ſporting.

MANNE.

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled <sup>13</sup> naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele <sup>14</sup> hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Roggerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke <sup>15</sup> and we'lle synge, and wylle drenche <sup>16</sup>  
of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

<sup>13</sup> answered. <sup>14</sup> aid, or help. <sup>15</sup> work. <sup>16</sup> drink.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnē the Chyrche

With birlette <sup>17</sup> golde,

Wythe gelten <sup>18</sup> aumeres <sup>19</sup> stronge ontolde, 25

What was free more than me, to be free?

## M A N N E.

## I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge over the lea ;

Ich ask whie the loverds 2<sup>o</sup> fon

Is moe than mee.

SYR. ROGERRE.

The fweltrie <sup>21</sup> sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne <sup>22</sup>,

From everich beme a feme <sup>23</sup> of lyfe doe falle ;

Swythyn <sup>24</sup> scille <sup>25</sup> oppe the haie uponne the playne ;

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre<sup>26</sup> talle.

Thys ys alyche oure doome <sup>27</sup>; the great, the smalle, 35

Mofte withe <sup>28</sup> and bee forwyled <sup>29</sup> by deathis darte.

See! the fwote <sup>30</sup> flourette <sup>31</sup> hathe noe fwote at alle;

Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle <sup>32</sup> parte.

<sup>17</sup> a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. <sup>18</sup> guilded.

<sup>19</sup> borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. <sup>20</sup> lord.

<sup>21</sup> fultry.    <sup>22</sup> car.    <sup>23</sup> feed.    <sup>24</sup> quickly, presently.    <sup>25</sup> gather.

<sup>26</sup> grow. <sup>27</sup> fate. <sup>28</sup> a contraction of wither. <sup>29</sup> dried. <sup>30</sup> sweet.

3<sup>1</sup> flower. 3<sup>2</sup> equal.

The cravent <sup>33</sup>, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente <sup>34</sup>,  
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente <sup>35</sup>.40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon <sup>36</sup>, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,

Bye yer preeftfchype nowe faye unto mee ;

Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,

Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee more greate, 45

Inne honnoure, knyghtchoode and eftate ?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne <sup>37</sup> thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,

Tentyflie <sup>38</sup> loke arounde the chaper <sup>39</sup> delle <sup>40</sup>;

An anfwere to thie barganette <sup>41</sup> here fee,

Thys welked <sup>42</sup> flourette wylle a lefon telle : 50

Arist <sup>43</sup> it blew <sup>44</sup>, itte florifhed, and dyd welle,

Lokeynge afcaunce <sup>45</sup> upon the naighboure greene ;

Yet with the deigned <sup>46</sup> greene yttes rennome <sup>47</sup> felle,

Eftfoones <sup>48</sup> ytte fhronke upon the daie-brente <sup>49</sup> playne,

<sup>33</sup> coward. <sup>34</sup> ceafed, dead, no more. <sup>35</sup> lament. <sup>36</sup> a manner of asking a favour. <sup>37</sup> turn. <sup>38</sup> carefully, with circumfpection. <sup>39</sup> dry, fun-burnt. <sup>40</sup> valley. <sup>41</sup> a fong, or ballad. <sup>42</sup> withered. <sup>43</sup> arifen, or arofe. <sup>44</sup> bloffomed. <sup>45</sup> difdainfully. <sup>46</sup> difdained. <sup>47</sup> glory. <sup>48</sup> quickly. <sup>49</sup> burnt.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55  
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke <sup>59</sup> ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds <sup>51</sup> ente <sup>52</sup>  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea <sup>53</sup>;  
| Gyf thou has ethe <sup>54</sup>, the shadowe of contente,  
| Beleive the trothe <sup>55</sup>, theres none moe haile <sup>56</sup> yan  
thee. 60

Thou wurchest <sup>57</sup>; welle, canne thatte a trobble be? <sup>58</sup>  
| Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.  
| Coudest thou the kivercled <sup>58</sup> of foughlys <sup>59</sup> fee,  
| Thou wouldst eftsoones <sup>60</sup> fee trothe ynne whatte I  
saie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65  
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

## M A N N E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne <sup>61</sup>,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I synge a songe or twayne <sup>62</sup>. 70

<sup>50</sup> such. <sup>51</sup> lord's. <sup>52</sup> a purse or bag. <sup>53</sup> flay. <sup>54</sup> ease. <sup>55</sup> truth.  
<sup>56</sup> happy. <sup>57</sup> workest. <sup>58</sup> the hidden or secret part of. <sup>59</sup> souls.  
<sup>60</sup> full soon, or presently. <sup>61</sup> car. <sup>62</sup> two.



I followe the plough-tayle,

Wythe a longe jubb<sup>63</sup> of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syre Preefte mote notte crie woe, 75

Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beste heidedeygnes<sup>64</sup>,

And foile<sup>65</sup> the wysest feygnes<sup>66</sup>.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynstrelle<sup>67</sup> am I seene, 80

All a footeygne it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh! I wythe to be moe greate,

In rennome, tenure, and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle, 85

Whose unliste<sup>68</sup> braunces<sup>69</sup> rechen far toe fyghte;

Whan fuired<sup>70</sup> unwers<sup>71</sup> doe the heaven fylle,

Itte shaketh deere<sup>72</sup> yn dole<sup>73</sup> and moke affryghte.

<sup>63</sup> a bottle. <sup>64</sup> a country dance, still practised in the North.

<sup>65</sup> baffle. <sup>66</sup> a corruption of *feints*. <sup>67</sup> a minstrel is a musician.

<sup>68</sup> unbounded. <sup>69</sup> branches. <sup>70</sup> furious. <sup>71</sup> tempests, storms.

<sup>72</sup> dire. <sup>73</sup> dismay.

| Whyleft the congeon <sup>74</sup> flowrette abessie <sup>75</sup> dyghte <sup>76</sup>,  
 | Stonderthe unhurte, unquaced <sup>77</sup> bie the storme : 90  
 | Syke is a picte <sup>78</sup> of lyffe : the manne of myghte  
 | Is tempest-chast <sup>79</sup>, hys woe greate as hys forme,  
 | Thiefelſe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,  
 | Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydſte  
 mounte.

<sup>74</sup> dwarf.    <sup>75</sup> humility.    <sup>76</sup> decked.    <sup>77</sup> unhurt.    <sup>78</sup> picture.  
<sup>79</sup> tempest-beaten.

## ELINOURE AND JUGA.

**O** NNE Ruddeborne <sup>1</sup> bank twa pynynge May:  
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;

Echone bementynge <sup>2</sup> for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge <sup>3</sup>  
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole <sup>4</sup>, wythe languishment of eyne,  
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed <sup>5</sup> the quyvryng  
brine.

## ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie <sup>6</sup> plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte <sup>7</sup> in stele ;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte  
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;

<sup>1</sup> Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. <sup>2</sup> lamenting. <sup>3</sup> murdering. <sup>4</sup> faintly. <sup>5</sup> glistened.

<sup>6</sup> sad complaint. <sup>7</sup> arrayed, or cased.

See! fee! upon the ground he bleedyng lies;  
 Inhild <sup>8</sup> some joice <sup>9</sup> of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

## J U G A.

Syfters in forrowe, on thys daife-ey'd banke, 15  
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;  
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evēne danke;  
 Lyche levynde <sup>10</sup> okes in eche the odher bente,  
 Or lyche forlettēn <sup>11</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastlie mitches <sup>12</sup> holde the traine of fryghte <sup>13</sup>, 20  
 Where lethale <sup>14</sup> ravens bark, and owlets wake the  
 nyghte.

## [E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the mifkynette <sup>15</sup> fhall wake the morne,  
 The minftrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;  
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the leffel <sup>16</sup> rouze the foxe awaie; 25  
 I'll feke the forefte alle the lyve-longe daie;

<sup>8</sup> infuse.    <sup>9</sup> juice.    <sup>10</sup> blasted.    <sup>11</sup> forsaken.    <sup>12</sup> ruins.  
<sup>13</sup> fear.    <sup>14</sup> deadly or deathboding.    <sup>15</sup> a fmall bagpipe.  
<sup>16</sup> in a confined fenfe, a bush or hedge, though fometime used as a  
 foreft.

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche <sup>17</sup> glebe wyll  
goe,  
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture <sup>18</sup> mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie <sup>19</sup> cloudis do hange upon the leme  
Of leden <sup>20</sup> Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30  
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme  
Of Selynes <sup>21</sup>, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;  
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a  
spryte  
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte  
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn  
- thoughte. 45

E L I N O U R E.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!  
Thou lymed <sup>22</sup> ryver, on thie linche <sup>23</sup> maie bleede  
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres  
flowe,  
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!  
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

<sup>17</sup> church-yard. <sup>18</sup> relate. <sup>19</sup> black. <sup>20</sup> decreasing. <sup>21</sup> happiness.  
<sup>22</sup> glassy. <sup>23</sup> bank.

"To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the  
plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne ;  
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees <sup>24</sup>, 45  
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were  
flayne,  
Disfraughte <sup>25</sup> theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes  
fyde,  
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and  
dyde.

<sup>24</sup> meeds.      <sup>25</sup> distracted.

## TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes  
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,  
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,  
Hee showd finalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,  
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF  
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde  
hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes braстыnge wythe the morning due,

Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore ;

Than dyddst thou furiousse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thoufandes of Dacyanns went ;

Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne ;



Orr feest the hatchedd stede,  
Ypraunceyng e'er the mede,  
And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;  
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde  
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;  
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;  
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;  
Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,  
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,  
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe of Ælla*.

**H**AVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde  
 Whatt you dydd to mee sende,  
 Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,  
 And thus an answerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was  
 A Poett mouche renownde,  
 Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius  
 Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne  
 The gyfte of inspyration,  
 And Assed to the Sexonne menne  
 Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and  
 Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,  
 Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,  
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes

Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,

And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves

Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

## THE TOURNAMENT.

## AN INTERLUDE.

## ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs  
sounde;

The courferrs lyffe <sup>1</sup> about the mesuredd <sup>2</sup> felde;

The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;

Quayntyffed <sup>3</sup> fons <sup>4</sup> depictedd onn eche sheelde.

The feerie <sup>5</sup> heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde <sup>6,5</sup>

Supportes the rampynge lyoncell <sup>7</sup> orr beare,

Wythe straunge depyctures <sup>8</sup>, Nature maie nott  
yeelde,

Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte <sup>9</sup> to menne, who thyncke and have a  
spryte <sup>10</sup>,

Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

<sup>1</sup> sport, or play.    <sup>2</sup> bounded, or measured.    <sup>3</sup> curiously devised.

<sup>3</sup> fancys or devices.    <sup>4</sup> painted, or displayed.    <sup>5</sup> fiery.

<sup>6</sup> ornamented, enameled.    <sup>7</sup> a young lion.    <sup>8</sup> drawings paint-

ings.    <sup>9</sup> that.    <sup>10</sup> soul.

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer <sup>11</sup> of her joies,  
 Must swythen <sup>12</sup> goe to yeve <sup>13</sup> the speeres arounde,  
 Wythe advantayle <sup>14</sup> & borne <sup>15</sup> I meynthe <sup>16</sup> emploie,  
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.  
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfsteth rounde ; 15  
 Soe the neshe <sup>17</sup> flowerr grees <sup>18</sup> ynne the woodeland  
 shade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde ;  
 Wydoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.

As ynn the bowke <sup>19</sup> nete <sup>20</sup> alleyn <sup>21</sup> cann bee donne,  
 Syke <sup>22</sup> ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of  
 onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde <sup>23</sup>, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.  
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.  
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,  
 Yett notte a speere of hemm <sup>24</sup> hath grete mie fyghte.  
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25  
 I lacke a Guid <sup>25</sup>, a Wyllyamm <sup>26</sup> to entylte.

<sup>11</sup> dispenser. <sup>12</sup> quickly. <sup>13</sup> give. <sup>14</sup> armer. <sup>15</sup> burnish.  
<sup>16</sup> many. <sup>17</sup> young, weak, tender. <sup>18</sup> grows. <sup>19</sup> body. <sup>20</sup> nothing.  
<sup>21</sup> alone. <sup>22</sup> fo. <sup>23</sup> herald. <sup>24</sup> a contraction of *them*.  
<sup>25</sup> *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.  
<sup>26</sup> William Rufus.

To reine <sup>27</sup> anente <sup>28</sup> a fele <sup>29</sup> embodiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne rennome <sup>30</sup> gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here ;  
 I lyche nott unthylle <sup>31</sup> thus to wielde the speare. 30

## H E R A W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes <sup>32</sup> dynn <sup>33</sup> fromm  
 farre.

## B O U R T O N N E.

Ah ! fwythenn <sup>34</sup> mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee  
 bounde <sup>35</sup>.

Eftsoones <sup>36</sup> beheste <sup>37</sup> mie Squyerr to the warre.

I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

## H E R A W D E.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte <sup>38</sup> of menne  
 aftounde ;

Harde bee yer shappe <sup>39</sup> encontrynge thee ynn fyghte ;

<sup>27</sup> run. <sup>28</sup> against. <sup>29</sup> feeble. <sup>30</sup> honour, glory. <sup>31</sup> uselefs.  
<sup>32</sup> a kind of claryon. <sup>33</sup> found. <sup>34</sup> quickly. <sup>35</sup> ready. <sup>36</sup> soon.  
<sup>37</sup> command. <sup>38</sup> most. <sup>39</sup> fate, or doom.

Anenst <sup>40</sup> all menne thou bereft to the grounde,  
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte <sup>41</sup>.  
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
 Syche nothe thie valourous actes drocke <sup>42</sup> eche  
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE  
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-  
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,  
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR  
 KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND  
 SERVYTOURS <sup>43</sup>.

### K Y N G E.

The barganette <sup>43</sup>; yce mynstrelles tune the ftrynge,  
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

### M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wylllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde  
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie <sup>44</sup> hadd knite <sup>45</sup>,

<sup>40</sup> against

<sup>41</sup> pitched, or bent down.

<sup>42</sup> drink.

<sup>43</sup> servants, attendants.

<sup>43</sup> song, or ballad.

<sup>44</sup> activity.

<sup>45</sup> .

Snett <sup>46</sup> oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde  
 aborne <sup>47</sup>, 45

Behefteyng <sup>48</sup> all hys hommageres <sup>45</sup> to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted <sup>50</sup> denne,  
 Lett thie floes <sup>51</sup> drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott  
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;

Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd <sup>52</sup>  
 plies <sup>53</sup>; 50

Loude dynns <sup>54</sup> the arrowe ynn the wolfyng's eare;

Hee ryfeth battent <sup>55</sup>, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.

Forflagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,

Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-  
 dreng fleas.

Throwe the merke <sup>56</sup> shade of twistynde trees hee  
 rydes; 55

The flemed <sup>57</sup> owlett <sup>58</sup> flapps herr eve-speckte <sup>59</sup> wynges;

The lordyng <sup>60</sup> toade ynn all hys passës bides;

The berten <sup>61</sup> neders <sup>62</sup> att hymm darte the stynges;

<sup>46</sup> bent. <sup>47</sup> burnished. <sup>48</sup> commanding. <sup>49</sup> servants. <sup>50</sup> hidden.  
<sup>51</sup> arrows. <sup>52</sup> worked with iron. <sup>53</sup> bends. <sup>54</sup> sounds. <sup>55</sup> loudly.  
<sup>56</sup> dark, or gloome. <sup>57</sup> & <sup>58</sup> frighted owl. <sup>59</sup> marked with evening dew.  
<sup>60</sup> standing on their hind legs. <sup>61</sup> venomous. <sup>62</sup> adders.



Styll, styll, hee passës onn, hys stede astrodde,  
 Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe  
 bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie <sup>63</sup> countries braughte,  
 Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
 Att commyng dynn <sup>64</sup> doth rayse hymselfe dis-  
 traughte <sup>65</sup>,

He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.  
 Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65  
 Lette thie flos <sup>66</sup> drenche the blood of anie thyng  
 botte menn.

Wythe passent <sup>67</sup> steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;  
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
 Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge <sup>68</sup> thonderr  
 stronge;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth the sendes. 70  
 Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
 Botte bee thie takelle <sup>69</sup> drie fromm blodde of odherr  
 menne.

Sweste from the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;  
 The couraciers <sup>70</sup> as sweste doe afterr flie.

<sup>63</sup> hot, sultry. <sup>64</sup> sound, noise. <sup>65</sup> distracted. <sup>66</sup> arrows.  
<sup>67</sup> walking leisurely. <sup>68</sup> rolling. <sup>69</sup> arrow. <sup>70</sup> horse couriers.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75

Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones <sup>71</sup> doth die.

Forflagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,

Lett thie fies drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn  
flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynge hys bowe  
alyne <sup>72</sup>.

The stagge ys ouch'd <sup>73</sup> wythe crownes of lillie  
flowerrs. 80

Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe en-  
twyne ;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrrs.

Forflagenn wyth thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,  
Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredrenn  
flee.

## K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie <sup>74</sup> ; who wylle fyrſte  
affraie <sup>75</sup> ? 85

<sup>71</sup> full soon. <sup>72</sup> across his shoulders. <sup>73</sup> garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. <sup>74</sup> Tournament. <sup>75</sup> fight, or encounter.

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte <sup>76</sup> honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake <sup>77</sup> thie waic.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette <sup>78</sup> onn mie gaberdyne <sup>79</sup>.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull <sup>80</sup> challenge, knyghtes & champyonns  
dygne <sup>81</sup>,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. <sup>90</sup>  
[Syrr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte*.

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Nevylle *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie <sup>82</sup> the tylterrs joyne!

<sup>76</sup> that.    <sup>77</sup> dispute.    <sup>78</sup> glove.    <sup>79</sup> a piece of armour.    <sup>80</sup> lawful.  
<sup>81</sup> worthy.    <sup>82</sup> furiously.

Yee champyones, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
 fyghtes,  
 Onne hee hathe quacedd <sup>83</sup>, affayle <sup>84</sup> hymm, yee  
 knyghtes.

## FERRARIS.

I wylle anente <sup>85</sup> hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; <sup>95</sup>  
 Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle <sup>86</sup> scethe <sup>87</sup>  
 Before I doe departe the liffedd <sup>88</sup> fiede,  
 Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe <sup>89</sup>.  
 Mie shielde.

## BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe <sup>90</sup>.  
 Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie  
 foe. 100

*[Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe  
 smethe <sup>91</sup>;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe <sup>92</sup>.

<sup>83</sup> vanquished.      <sup>84</sup> oppose.      <sup>85</sup> against.      <sup>86</sup> much.  
<sup>87</sup> damage, mischief.      <sup>88</sup> bounded.      <sup>89</sup> bleed.      <sup>90</sup> easy.      <sup>91</sup> smoke.  
<sup>92</sup> hurt, or damage.

## H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.  
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd  
 sheeld.

## B E R G H A M M E.

I take the challenge; squire, mie launce and stede.<sup>105</sup>  
 I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.  
 Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede<sup>93</sup>;  
 Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie<sup>94</sup>;  
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possese the daie,  
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 120  
 Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,  
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

## C L I N T O N.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende<sup>95</sup>; I doe thee fie<sup>96</sup>.  
 Lyche forreyng<sup>97</sup> levynn<sup>98</sup>, schalle mie tylte-launce  
 fie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

<sup>93</sup> reward. <sup>94</sup> fight or engage. <sup>95</sup> attend or wait. <sup>96</sup> defy.  
<sup>97</sup> & <sup>98</sup> destroying lightening.

## BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure<sup>99</sup> thie beeveredd<sup>100</sup>  
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este<sup>101</sup> doe gauntlette thee.  
Swythenne<sup>102</sup> begynne, and wrynn<sup>103</sup> thie shappe<sup>104</sup>  
orr myne ;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tyltetb.* Berghamme *falls.*

## HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,  
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see  
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes ; gyff corteous<sup>105</sup>  
heie<sup>106</sup>,

Ytt welle beseies<sup>107</sup> to yeve<sup>108</sup> hemm ryghte of  
fraie<sup>109</sup>.

<sup>99</sup> turn.    <sup>100</sup> beaver'd.    <sup>101</sup> again.    <sup>102</sup> quickly.    <sup>103</sup> declare.  
<sup>104</sup> fate.    <sup>105</sup> worthy.    <sup>106</sup> they.    <sup>107</sup> becomes.    <sup>108</sup> give.    <sup>109</sup> fyght.

## FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme 125  
 The rennome <sup>110</sup> ynn thys Tourneie <sup>111</sup> forr to tylte ;  
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents <sup>112</sup> owre goode  
 name,

Bewrynnynge <sup>113</sup> thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

## HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,  
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie ? 130  
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,  
 and bee everichone <sup>114</sup> overthrowne.]*

## B O U R T O N N E.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde  
 Ycrafedd <sup>115</sup> speres and helmetts bee besprente <sup>116</sup>,  
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd <sup>117</sup>  
 sheeld,  
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee  
 stente <sup>118</sup>,

<sup>110</sup> honour.    <sup>111</sup> Tournament.    <sup>112</sup> cowards.    <sup>113</sup> declaring.

<sup>114</sup> every one.    <sup>115</sup> broken, spilt.    <sup>116</sup> scatter'd.

<sup>117</sup> broken, or pierced through with darts.    <sup>118</sup> stained.

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annotherr launce, Marshalle, anotherr launce.

Albeyttee hee wythe lowes <sup>119</sup> of fyre ybrente <sup>120</sup>,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val <sup>121</sup> advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe <sup>122</sup> hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall  
fall

Anethe <sup>123</sup> the stronge push of mie straught <sup>124</sup> out  
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie <sup>125</sup> chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie <sup>126</sup> wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune <sup>127</sup>; I champyonn <sup>128</sup> you to  
warre.

Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm  
farre. 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

<sup>119</sup> flames. <sup>120</sup> burnt. <sup>121</sup> healm. <sup>122</sup> beneath. <sup>123</sup> against.  
<sup>124</sup> stretched out. <sup>125</sup> holy. <sup>126</sup> faithfully. <sup>127</sup> ready. <sup>128</sup> challenge.



K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente ;  
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments <sup>129</sup>  
fynges ;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-  
sprente <sup>130</sup> ;

To Kyng of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155  
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte ;  
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee  
shente <sup>131</sup> ;

Hee joustedd, alleine <sup>132</sup> havynge you ynn thoughte.  
Comme, mynstrelles, found the strynge, goe onn eche  
fyde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

<sup>129</sup> atchievements, glorious actions.

<sup>130</sup> broken spears.

<sup>131</sup> broke, destroyed. <sup>132</sup> only, alone.

M Y N.

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge <sup>133</sup> wythe new quickenn'd  
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge  
hedde,

Dydd the merke <sup>134</sup> woode of ethe <sup>135</sup> and rest explore,  
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vyfage washedd the bloude,

Hylte <sup>136</sup> hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne fhee fwotellie <sup>137</sup> hymm dydd  
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn <sup>138</sup> everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtsomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge <sup>139</sup> fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente <sup>140</sup>, 175

Lych the merk <sup>141</sup>-plante doe entwyne.

<sup>133</sup> smoaking, steaming.

<sup>134</sup> dark, gloomy.

<sup>135</sup> ease.

<sup>136</sup> hid, secreted.

<sup>137</sup> sweetly.

<sup>138</sup> moulded.

<sup>139</sup> shooting, darting.

<sup>140</sup> grasp, hold.

<sup>141</sup> night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,  
Onknowlachynge <sup>142</sup> ynn whatt place herr to fynde,  
Thys rule yspende <sup>143</sup>, and ynn thie mynde retayne;  
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-  
hynde. 180

<sup>142</sup> ignorant, unknowing. <sup>143</sup> confider.

## BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

**T**HE featherd songster chaunticleer  
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
 And tolde the earlie villager  
 The commynge of the morne :

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes  
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie;  
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte  
 Proclayne the fated daie.

5

“ Thou’rt ryght,” quod hee, “ for, by the Godde  
 “ That fyttes enthron’d on hyghe !  
 “ CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 “ To-daie shall surelie die.”

10

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

15

“ Hee leaves thys mortall fstate.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES!” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte fays thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

30

“ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee

“ Wee all muft die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little fpace?

35

“ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d:

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’d sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys flave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I fhoude lyve for aie.”

40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior ftraite

To gett all thynges ynne reddynefs

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maifterr CANYNGE faughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace

“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge,” “ Youre tale fpeke out,

“ You have been much oure friende; 50

“ Whatever youre request may bee,

“ Wee wyll to ytte attende.”

“ My

“ My nobile liege ! alle my request

“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,

“ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

“ He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,

“ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;

“ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett

“ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”

“ The kynge ynne furie fayde ;

“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,

“ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

“ And hee shalle have hys meede :

“ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng else

“ Att present doe you neede ?”

“ My nobile leige !” goode CANYNGE fayde,

“ Leave justice to our Godde. 70

“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

“ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were fynners grete ;

“ CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,

75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ 'Twyllle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wyllle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

“ Has scorn'd my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile liege ! the trulie brave

“ Wyllle val'rous actions prize,

90

“ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

“ Altho' ynne enemies.”



“ CANYNGE, awaie ! By Godde ynnē Heav’n  
 “ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,  
 “ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95  
 “ Whilft thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynnē Heav’n,  
 “ Thys funne shall be hys laste.”  
 Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,  
 And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,  
 Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,  
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,  
 And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES ; 105  
 “ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;  
 “ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate  
 “ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest foul  
 “ Runns overr att thyne eye ; 110  
 “ Is ytte for my most welcome doome  
 “ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye ?”

Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,

" Thatt thou foe soone must dye,

" And leave thy sonnes and helples wyfe;

115

" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

" From godlie fountaines sprynge;

" Dethe I despise, and alle the power

" Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.

120

" Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means

" I shall resigne my lyfe,

" The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde

" For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,

125

" Thys was appointed mee;

" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge

" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,

" Whan thousands dy'd arounde;

130

" Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode

" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe

“ How dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,  
 “ Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
 “ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135  
 “ And close myne eyes for aie?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,  
 “ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?  
 “ Ne! fromm my herte flie chilydshe-feere,  
 “ Bee alle the manne display’d. 140

“ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,  
 “ And garde thee and thye sonne,  
 “ Yff ’tis hys wylle; but yff ’tis nott,  
 “ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145  
 “ To serve Godde and mye prynce;  
 “ And thatt I no tyme-server am,  
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,  
 “ Of parents of grete note; 150  
 “ My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote:

“ I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone

“ Where soone I hope to goe;

“ Where wee for ever shall bee blest,

155

“ From oute the reech of woe :

“ Hee taughte mee justice and the laws

“ Wyth pitie to unite;

“ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

“ The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

160

“ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

“ To feede the hungrie poore,

“ Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie

“ The hungrie fromme my doore :

“ And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe

165

“ I have hys wordyes kept;

“ And summ'd the actyonns of the daie

“ Eche nyghte before I slept.

“ I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

“ Yff I defyl'd her bedde ?

“ I have a kynge, and none can laie

“ Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;  
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175  
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne?

“ Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,  
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe;  
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause  
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people! rewyn’d londe!  
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;  
 “ Whyle RICHARD’S sonnes exalt themselves,  
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185  
 “ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,  
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 “ For those of bloude and peyne?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,  
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190  
 “ I doe desye the traytor’s pow’r,  
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,  
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,  
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse  
 " CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear ;

195

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,  
 " There wythe the fervants of the Lorde  
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.

200

" Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne  
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe :  
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,  
 " Mye fonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,  
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie ;  
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,  
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

205

QUOD CANYNGE, "'Tys a goodlie thyng  
 " To bee prepar'd to die ;  
 " And from thys world of payne and grefe  
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

210

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,

And claryonnes to founde;

Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete 215

A prauncyng onne the grounde :

And just before the officers,

His lovyng wyfe came ynne,

Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woë,

Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,

“ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;

“ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Christian soule

“ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ? 225

“ Theye washe my foule awaie,

“ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,

“ Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

“ ’Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

“ Untoe the lande of blyffe ; 230

“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,

“ Receive thys holie kyffe.”

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyngel 235

“ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

“ Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.” 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

“ Truste thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race

“ Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

“ FLORENCE ! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu !

“ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne



Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd her tressies tere ;

" Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe !"—255

Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

" Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,

Shee fellen onne the flore ;

Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore.

260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete ;

Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern

Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,

265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,

Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the fyghte,

270

Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,

Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume

Mofte sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;

Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275

Who tun'd the ftrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;

Echone the bowe dydd bende,

From refcue of kynge HENRIES friends

Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,

Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,

Bye two blacke ftedes ynne trappynge white,

Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285

Of archers ftronge and ftoute,

Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,

Marched ynne goodlie route :

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,

Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ; 290

Behynde theyre backs fyx mynstrelles came,

Who tun'd the ftrunge bataunt :

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,

Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;

And theyre attendyng menne echone,

295

Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them a multitude

Of citizenns dydd thronge ;

The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,

As hee dydd passe alonge.

300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,

Syr CHARLES dydd turne and saie,

“ O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,

“ Washe mye foule clean thys daie !”

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe fat

305

The kynge ynne mycle fate,

To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge

To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,

Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,

310

The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,

And thus hys wordes declare :

“ Thou

“ Thou seest mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

“ Expos’d to infamie ;

“ Butt bee assur’d, disloyall manne !

315

“ I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne,

329

“ Thou thyнкеst I shall dye to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede ’till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe :

“ Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares,

325

“ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

“ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

“ ’Twixt kyng and tyrant hande :

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave !

“ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kyng

Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge

Kynge EDWARDE's soule rush'd to hys face,  
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,  
 And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335  
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

“ To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe  
 “ Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,  
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,  
 “ Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! 340

“ Soe lett hym die !” Duke RICHARD sayde ;  
 “ And maye echone oure foes  
 “ Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
 “ And feede the carryon crowes.”

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345  
 Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;  
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,  
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
 As uppe a gilded carre 350  
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs  
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you see mee dye,

“ For fervynge loyally mye kynge,

355

“ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,

“ Whenne ynne adversfitye ;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Befeechyng hym unto hymfelfe

Hys partyng foule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys heede

Most seemlie onne the blocke ;

370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke :

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne;  
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375  
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte;  
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Upponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,  
 One onne the mynster-tower,  
 And one from off the castle-gate  
 The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385  
 A dreery spectacle;  
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate:  
 Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390  
 And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,  
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syng!

Æ L L A:





Æ L L A:

A  
TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,  
OR  
DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE  
THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE  
MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE  
THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN  
HOWARD.]

## PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA,     *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auſthoure.*

CELMONDE,     *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

HURRA,         *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

BIRTHA,        *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes     *bie Knyghtes Mynſtelles.*

# EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

**T**YS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn aunteynt  
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt <sup>1</sup> herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,  
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege <sup>2</sup> yn rhym;  
Lyche peyncted <sup>3</sup> tyltynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte,  
The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke <sup>4</sup>  
dere <sup>5</sup>, 5  
Byke dyd theire auncyante lee deſilie <sup>6</sup> delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare <sup>7</sup> rhym mote bee thenne,  
Butte eſte <sup>8</sup> nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;  
In hallie <sup>9</sup> preeſte apperes the ribaudes <sup>10</sup> penne,  
Inne lithie <sup>11</sup> moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10  
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere <sup>12</sup> widhout teethe,  
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel  
ſcathe <sup>13</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> hid, concealed. <sup>2</sup> law. <sup>3</sup> painted. <sup>4</sup> much. <sup>5</sup> hurt, damage.  
sweetly. <sup>7</sup> cauſe. <sup>8</sup> oft. <sup>9</sup> holy. <sup>10</sup> rake, lewd perſon.  
<sup>11</sup> humble. <sup>12</sup> adder. <sup>13</sup> hurt, damage.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore <sup>14</sup>,  
 Kenns <sup>15</sup> Latyn att fyrst fyghte from Frenche or Greke  
 Pyghtethe <sup>16</sup> hys knowlache <sup>17</sup> ten yeres or more, 1  
 To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.  
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyfed,  
 The Englysch hym to please moſte fyrſte be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem <sup>18</sup> ſynges ;  
 Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde <sup>19</sup> hys meneyng  
 knowes ;  
 Albeytte theſe gode guyfts awaie he flynges,  
 Beeynge a<sup>c</sup> badde yn veaſe as goode yn profe.  
 Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,  
 Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr blode

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored <sup>20</sup> dames,  
 Hee redes hys tales of merrym<sup>e</sup>nt & woe.  
 Loughe <sup>21</sup> loudlie dynneth <sup>22</sup> from the dolte  
 adrames <sup>24</sup> ;

He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes <sup>25</sup> hem ſe

<sup>14</sup> learning. <sup>15</sup> knows. <sup>16</sup> plucks or tortures. <sup>17</sup> knowledge.  
<sup>18</sup> a ſervice uſed over the dead. <sup>19</sup> peafant. <sup>20</sup> unlearned. <sup>21</sup> laun-  
<sup>22</sup> ſounds. <sup>23</sup> fooliſh. <sup>24</sup> churls. <sup>25</sup> knows.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and fynge,  
At merrie yaped <sup>26</sup> fage <sup>27</sup> somme hard-drayned water  
brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde <sup>28</sup> hys lynes.  
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;  
Wordes wythoute sence fulle groffyingelye <sup>29</sup> he twynes,  
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere ;  
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35  
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf <sup>30</sup> you neere be-  
gonne.

Enowe of odhers ; of miefelfe to write,  
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possesse,  
To you I leave the taske ; I kenne your myghte  
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte <sup>31</sup> of faultes, be  
lefs. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you  
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-  
true.

<sup>26</sup> laughable. <sup>27</sup> tale, jest. <sup>28</sup> beyond. <sup>29</sup> foolishly. <sup>30</sup> if.

<sup>31</sup> many.

Playes made from hallie <sup>32</sup> tales I holde unmeete ;  
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe ;  
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45  
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.

Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie <sup>33</sup> mote ne heare,  
 Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere <sup>34</sup>.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

<sup>32</sup> holy. <sup>33</sup> strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient  
 signification stood for *modesty*. <sup>34</sup> another.

# LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

**S**TRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of  
oures,

Nete <sup>35</sup> butte a bare recytalle can hav place ;  
Nowe shapelië poesie haft losse yttes powers,  
And pynant hyftorie ys onlie grace ;  
Heie <sup>36</sup> pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5  
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ;  
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrave <sup>37</sup>,  
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie <sup>38</sup>, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,  
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great granfieres  
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,  
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;  
Lette trades, & tounë folck, lett fyke <sup>39</sup> thynges alone,  
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure ;

<sup>35</sup> nought. <sup>36</sup> they. <sup>37</sup> esteem. <sup>38</sup> heraldry. <sup>39</sup> such.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15  
 Shee nillynge <sup>40</sup> to take myckle <sup>41</sup> aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunfe upponn a piece maye looke,  
 And shake hys hedde to styrrre hys rede <sup>42</sup> aboute;  
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,  
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20  
 Eke, gyf <sup>43</sup> ynto a vew percase <sup>44</sup> I tooke  
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,  
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,  
 Thorow hem <sup>45</sup> al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes <sup>46</sup>, gyff I faie, onwife 25  
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie <sup>47</sup>  
 To hyftorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
 Whyche amenufed <sup>48</sup> thoughtes of poesie;  
 Somme drybblette <sup>49</sup> share you shoulde to yatte <sup>50</sup> alyse <sup>51</sup>,  
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hyftorie; 30  
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,  
 You onn a rouncy <sup>52</sup> dryve yn dolefull course.

<sup>40</sup> unwilling. <sup>41</sup> much. <sup>42</sup> wisdom, council. <sup>43</sup> if. <sup>44</sup> perchance.  
<sup>45</sup> them. <sup>46</sup> Greybeards. <sup>47</sup> curiously. <sup>48</sup> lessened. <sup>49</sup> small.  
<sup>50</sup> that. <sup>51</sup> allow. <sup>52</sup> cart-horse.



Cannyng & I from common courſe dyſſente;  
 Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev to hym the reene;  
 Ne wylle betweene craſed molteryng bookes be pente, 35  
 Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene;  
 And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad <sup>53</sup> floures beſprente,  
 We take ytte, & from ould rouſte doe ytte clene;  
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,  
 Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hyſtorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore?  
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie <sup>54</sup> bewryen <sup>55</sup>,  
 Notte ſyke as doe annoie thys age ſo fore,  
 A keppened poyntelle <sup>56</sup> reſtyng at eche lyne.  
 Vearſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more, 45  
 An onliſt <sup>57</sup> leſturn <sup>58</sup>, and a ſonge adygne <sup>59</sup>;  
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
 Gyff ytt pleaſe Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytt moſte bee yttis owne deſenſe;  
 Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear. 50

<sup>53</sup> broken.<sup>54</sup> elegantly.<sup>55</sup> declared, expreſſed.<sup>56</sup> a pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or genius.<sup>57</sup> boundleſs.<sup>58</sup> ſubject. <sup>59</sup> nervous, worthy of praiſe

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sence ;  
 And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.  
 Canynge, adieu ! I do you greete from hence ;  
 Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere ;  
 Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie, 55  
 Hee wysche you healthe & felinesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE,

## ENTROUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherifaunci <sup>60</sup> 'tys to gentle mynde,  
 Whan heie have chevyced <sup>61</sup> theyre londe from  
 bayne <sup>62</sup>,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,  
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;  
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne <sup>63</sup> everych steyne, 5  
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,  
 Lyche fetyve baubels <sup>64</sup> geasonne <sup>65</sup> to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys <sup>66</sup> castell <sup>67</sup> stede,  
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,  
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10  
 Then feel'd <sup>68</sup> hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,  
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
 To saie what he, as clergyond <sup>69</sup>, can kenne,  
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

<sup>60</sup> comfort. <sup>61</sup> preserved. <sup>62</sup> ruin. <sup>63</sup> inter. <sup>64</sup> jewels. <sup>65</sup> rare.  
<sup>66</sup> Bristol. <sup>67</sup> castle. <sup>68</sup> closed. <sup>69</sup> taught.

## Æ L L A.

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

**B**EFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys  
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites <sup>1</sup> of goulde,  
Mee, happeles mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,  
Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces  
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie, dydde Nature frame thee fayre ? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle <sup>2</sup> canne bewreene <sup>3</sup> ?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are ?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vylfage  
sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene <sup>4</sup>,

Lyche nottebrowne cloude, whann bie the sonne  
made redde,

10

<sup>1</sup> robes, mantels. <sup>2</sup> a pen. <sup>3</sup> exprefs. <sup>4</sup> countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe wayldē lynnē clothe ywreene <sup>5</sup>,  
 Syke <sup>6</sup> woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.  
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte  
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee stomm hys moste  
 parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere <sup>7</sup>! 15  
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.  
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,  
 And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes <sup>8</sup> wyll flea.  
 Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylls rounde mee tende,  
 To flea myselfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie <sup>9</sup> friende. 20

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

## Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,  
 Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,  
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd <sup>10</sup> Dane shoulde blede,  
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

<sup>5</sup> covered.    <sup>6</sup> such.    <sup>7</sup> another.    <sup>8</sup> at once.    <sup>9</sup> mighty.  
<sup>10</sup> hardy, valorous.

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25  
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer soule;  
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd  
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,  
 Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure <sup>11</sup> as nowe, 30  
 Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,  
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede <sup>12</sup> vowe:  
 Now hallie Ælla's selyness ys grate;  
 Shap <sup>13</sup> haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate <sup>14</sup>.

### B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, syke a joie ys myne; 35  
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe faie,  
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,  
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;  
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie <sup>15</sup>;  
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin  
 yblente <sup>16</sup>, 40

<sup>11</sup> violence. <sup>12</sup> binding, enforcing. <sup>13</sup> fate. <sup>14</sup> lessen, decrease.  
<sup>15</sup> faith. <sup>16</sup> blinded.

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,  
 And on the grasse her lemes <sup>17</sup> of sylver sente,  
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie fwote to bee,  
 Enactynge ynn the same moſte faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte, 45  
 Whanne deysde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres <sup>18</sup>,  
 Awghlſt thie merrymen dydde laughe and jeaſte,  
 Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.  
 Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,  
 Aleſt a daygnous <sup>19</sup> looke to thee be ſente, 50  
 And offrendes <sup>20</sup> made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,  
 Offe ſcarpes <sup>21</sup> of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente <sup>22</sup>;  
 All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed <sup>23</sup> to mee,  
 I faie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

## Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe, 55  
 Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſoe grete,  
 Lyche bawſyn <sup>24</sup> olyphauntes <sup>25</sup> mie gnattes doe  
 ſhewe;  
 Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate <sup>26</sup>.

<sup>17</sup> lights, rays.<sup>18</sup> fellows, equals.<sup>19</sup> diſdainful.<sup>20</sup> preſents, offerings. <sup>21</sup> ſcarfs. <sup>22</sup> robes of ſcarlet. <sup>23</sup> bounded.<sup>24</sup> large. <sup>25</sup> elephants. <sup>26</sup> deſtroy.

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte<sup>27</sup> the rolle of fate,  
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down  
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,  
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,  
 Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

### B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes<sup>28</sup> foe smalle; 65  
 As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;  
 For nothyngge paste wille Birtha ever call,  
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.  
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,  
 Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70  
 Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;  
 A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

### Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde<sup>29</sup> kenne  
 To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of  
 menne.

<sup>27</sup> stretched. <sup>28</sup> services. <sup>29</sup> memory, understanding.



ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,  
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75  
 Oft maie the moone, yn ſylver ſheenynge lyghte,  
 Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,  
 Beſprengeynge far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;  
 And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo  
 bryghte,  
 Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80  
 Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,  
 Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!  
 I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,  
 Have brought you jubbeſ of ale, at nyghte youre  
 brayne to breake.

Æ L L A.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe  
 ſtronge, 85  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

## C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

*Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.*

## M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr <sup>30</sup> fwayne;  
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe  
 From the floures of yellowe hue;  
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

## W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre <sup>31</sup>, I wylle go,  
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees <sup>32</sup>,  
 Lyche the sylver-footed doe,  
 Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

## M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,  
 Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;  
 Here we'll fyttte, yn dewie danke;  
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

<sup>30</sup> Shepherd.

<sup>31</sup> deceiver.

<sup>32</sup> meadows.

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame faie,  
 Yonge damoyfelles schulde ne bee, 100  
 Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,  
 Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyttē, and harke,  
 Howe the ouzle <sup>33</sup> chauntes hys noate,  
 The chelandree <sup>34</sup>, greie morn larke, 105  
 Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
 Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie <sup>35</sup>,  
 Tellynge lecturnyes <sup>36</sup> to mee,  
 Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

<sup>33</sup> The black-bird.    <sup>34</sup> Gold-finch.    <sup>35</sup> loudly.    <sup>36</sup> lectures.

## M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene  
 Pied daifies, kynge-coppes fwote;  
 Alle wee fee, bie non bee seene,  
 Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

## W O M A N N E.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche <sup>37</sup>.  
 Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.  
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.  
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

115

## M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie  
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie;  
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie  
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

120

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,  
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;  
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;  
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

125

<sup>37</sup> Apparel.

Drooried cattles wyll after kynde;  
Gentle doves wyll kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,  
Tyll fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempe mee ne to the foule thyng;  
I wyll no mannes lemanne be;  
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,  
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135  
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,  
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,  
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe  
Wee attenes <sup>38</sup>, thoſ honde yn honde, 140  
Unto diviniſtre <sup>39</sup> goe,  
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

<sup>38</sup> At once.      <sup>39</sup> a divine.

## M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte  
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;  
 Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145  
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

## B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle <sup>4o</sup> lyve,  
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;  
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;  
 Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

## Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;  
 And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;  
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynges telle?

## C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

<sup>4o</sup> A cottage.

M Y N.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde<sup>41</sup>, we have; and, gyff you please, wille  
fyngge, 151

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the ftrynge,  
And stret<sup>42</sup>, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle ffrayne owre wytte and fyngge.

*Mynstrelles Songe.*

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddyngge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160  
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nesh<sup>43</sup> yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

<sup>41</sup> Lord.

<sup>42</sup> stretch.

<sup>43</sup> tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne ftraughte,  
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne  
 ys broughte. 165

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;  
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;  
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;  
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;  
 I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 170  
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styll.

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,  
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;  
 Ynn Womman alleyn mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175  
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and fee  
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.



THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake <sup>44</sup> and sonne-brente doe  
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lese,  
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, 180  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;  
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the  
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,  
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde; 185  
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,  
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;  
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,  
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme  
care.

<sup>44</sup> Naked.

## S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde ; 190

Angelles alleyne fromme chafe <sup>45</sup> desyre bee free ;

Dheere ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee ;

Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and  
tere <sup>46</sup>,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne  
fayre : 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte  
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire ;

Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre ;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee ; 205

<sup>45</sup> Hot.

<sup>46</sup> health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee swythyn<sup>47</sup> to thie bedde a wyfe,  
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovyngge marryage lyfe.

*Anodber Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was syttyngge,  
As from the fones hete she harried,  
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was  
knyttyngge, 210  
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married !

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,  
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,  
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,  
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spyunnyngge,  
I styll wanted somethyngge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,  
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnyngge.

<sup>47</sup> Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220  
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,  
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
 Thann fwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeinge, 225  
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeinge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,  
 As hee the fatte derkynnes wae chacynge,  
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente  
 fhee; 230  
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

## Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;  
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;  
 There swotelie syng eche carolle, and yaped <sup>48</sup> jeaste;  
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

<sup>48</sup> Laughable.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted<sup>49</sup> everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste ;  
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste, 240  
Are ragyng, to be quanfed<sup>50</sup> bie none botte thee ;  
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee :  
Thie dogges alleynne can tame thys ragynge bulle.  
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,  
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245  
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,  
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes ! I mooste be gon.  
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne !  
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron, 250  
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne !

<sup>49</sup> Drowned.

<sup>50</sup> Stilled, quenched.

## B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,  
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,  
 Botte kenn the dynne of flughornes from afarre. 255

## Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesstes  
 to eate?

O mie upswalyng<sup>51</sup> harte, whatt wordes can saie  
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?  
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spoufalle daie, 260  
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendement.  
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente  
 As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?  
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,  
 And for a bodykyn<sup>52</sup> a swarthe obteyne? 265

<sup>51</sup> Swelling.<sup>52</sup> Body, substance.

O! whie,

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 95

O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie fowle?  
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

### C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.  
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.  
Thanne, loverde, lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede  
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie; 271  
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen <sup>53</sup> saie,  
The foemenn, everych honde-poynte, getteth fote.  
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,  
And all the sabbataners goe aboute. 275  
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse  
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.

### Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells <sup>54</sup> yn mie harte;  
Mie foughe dothe nowe begynne to see herfelle;  
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280  
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

<sup>53</sup> Still, dead.

<sup>54</sup> arrows, darts.

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,  
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?  
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,  
 Founde out impleasaunce of fyke blacke a geare. 285  
 Yette I wyll bee miefelfe, and rouze mie spryte  
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie  
 fyghte.

## B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;  
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyn; ;  
 I, lyche a nedre, wyll untoe thee byde; 290  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.  
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;  
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;  
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll  
 drayne, 295  
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.  
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;  
 For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.



## Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;  
 Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear  
 I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn  
 stele, 300  
 And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

## B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?  
 Is shee so rou and ugfomme <sup>ss</sup> to hys fyghte?  
 Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathallwarre so deare?  
 Thou pryzeft mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305  
 Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
 Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy  
 morthie.

## Æ L L A.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres  
 ybrente,  
 Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,  
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310  
 Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

<sup>ss</sup> Terrible.

H

Of

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yan all  
 Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,  
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

## B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?  
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde?  
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll morrowes sonne apperes.

## Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;  
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for  
     yeres; 320  
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.  
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure  
 Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede  
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

## B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!  
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untill thou hafte command  
Under the fygnette of oure lorde the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande? 330  
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!  
Heere, Birtha, thou hast pottè a double styng,  
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted <sup>56</sup> Ælla, thie abredynge <sup>57</sup> blyngè <sup>58</sup>.  
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. 335  
Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,  
Hear from mie groted <sup>59</sup> harte the lover and the friende.

<sup>56</sup> Offended.

<sup>57</sup> upbraiding.

<sup>59</sup> cease.

<sup>59</sup> swollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;  
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe ;  
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to  
 flyghte, 340  
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;  
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,  
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtliẽ goe,  
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele ; [345  
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,  
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of  
 warre.

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

## B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe : O mie agroted harte !

## Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;  
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350  
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie  
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie  
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,  
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie  
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme <sup>60</sup> to accaie <sup>61</sup>,  
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

## B I R T H A.

Difficile <sup>62</sup> ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev  
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.  
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;  
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Iuste as I was wythe Ælla to bleste,  
Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,  
Wydhouthe an ounde of feares and breaste wyth syghes  
ytorne.

<sup>60</sup> Torture,

<sup>61</sup> affwage.

<sup>62</sup> difficult,

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thiefelfe; why wylte thou bee  
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyse yn mynde,  
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, 370  
 Whatte wondrous bighes <sup>63</sup> he nowe muste leave  
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;  
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.  
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and  
 friende. 375

Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E

*speaking.*

Thie Bryftowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge  
 lynge <sup>64</sup>;  
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe  
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

<sup>64</sup> Jewels.<sup>63</sup> stay.

B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380

Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muste, I wylle ; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, brafte, brafte ynn twaie.

Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; I maie notte here obaie. 385

I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.

He's gon, he's gone, alafs ! percase he's gone for aie.

## C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fuster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,  
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390  
 Whyche farre abroad ynne gentle ayre doe flie,  
 Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous fyghte,  
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte  
 Hecket <sup>65</sup> ynne a myfte, and wyth thyne eyne  
 yblente,  
 Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395  
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente <sup>66</sup>;  
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde  
 aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,  
 Awhaped <sup>67</sup> atte the fetyveness of daie; 400  
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,  
 Is gone, and I moeste followe, toe the fraie.

<sup>65</sup> Wrapped closely, covered.<sup>66</sup> fastened.<sup>67</sup> astonish'd.



Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes  
face. 405

I see onnumbered joies arounde mee ryse;

Blake <sup>68</sup> stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee  
alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastnes fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest <sup>69</sup> thie levynne-bronde;

Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the  
gare; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the  
ground,

<sup>68</sup> Naked,

<sup>69</sup> Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasfeynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,

A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made

Menne wydhouthe fpytes, and wommen for to fleme;

Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the  
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblynge waies,

Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be breme, 425

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayfe.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable fpyte,

For fremde <sup>70</sup> and dolefulle dede.

430

<sup>76</sup> Strange.

MAGNUS,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 107

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,  
*wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.*

M A G N U S.

SWYT<sup>71</sup>HE lette the offrendes <sup>72</sup>to the Goddes  
begynne,  
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.  
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;  
Spreade fwythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435  
Delethe feasonnes foule or fayre,  
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,  
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles <sup>73</sup>hylte,  
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde  
Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

<sup>71</sup> Quickly.

<sup>72</sup> offerings.

<sup>73</sup> mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,

Storven to be overest,

Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,

Swolteryng wole natyones downe,

Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,

445

Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde;

To mee fend your heste dyvyne,

Lyghte eletten <sup>74</sup> all myne eyne,

Thatt I maie now undeuyse

All the actyonnes of th'empprize.

450

*[fallett downe and este rysethe.]*

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;

Forr there shall meynthe of mytte menne bee slayne.

## M A G N U S.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte,

Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,

Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystroughte,

455

Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,

<sup>74</sup> Enlighten.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 109

As whanne a tempeste vexethe foare the coaste,  
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,  
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,  
Full meynthe a champyonnes breaste received mie  
spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,  
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

### H U R R A.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of found, and  
eek

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke ; 465

The cocke saiethe drest<sup>75</sup>, yett armed ys he alleyn.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle  
myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,

Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage  
stonde.

<sup>75</sup> Least.

MAGNUS.

Æ L L A:

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,  
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.  
Thou fyghtest anente <sup>76</sup> maydens and ne menne, 475  
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.  
Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,  
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,  
Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,  
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480  
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,  
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte  
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.  
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485  
Thanne to the fouldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

<sup>76</sup> Against.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. III

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene ;

Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,

Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490

Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,

Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can  
feare.

## M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte

Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.

He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd

wryte,

495

And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.

Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,

'Tys here to meet ytt ; botte gyff nott, bee goe ;

Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,

Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche <sup>77</sup> myckle

woe.

500

Oh ! I bee madde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage ;

Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte  
affwage.

<sup>77</sup> Work.

H U R R A.

## H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle ; a wyghte thou art  
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505  
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.  
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomnes<sup>78</sup>  
 To thee and recreandes<sup>79</sup>) thondered on the playne,  
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse !  
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510  
 A ronnynge pryze onn feynste daie to ordayne,  
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze  
 wylle gayne.

## M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue !  
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte !  
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylft  
 yynge, 515  
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

<sup>78</sup> Terror.<sup>79</sup> cowards.



Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
 A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;  
 Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,  
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520  
 Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,  
 Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes  
 devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue  
 Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

## H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525  
 Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;  
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,  
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.  
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,  
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele 80. 530  
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;  
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle  
 pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

25 Wave.

I

MAG.

## M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle !

Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ! 535

I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneft welle.

Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?

'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,

Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to fletre felle ;

Botte nowe thou lackeft hem to be all yyne. 540

Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,  
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyfregate,

## H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes jofte as I doe thie banes,

The fede of malyce and recendize al.

Thou arte a fteyne unto the name of Danes ; 545

Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canft calle.

Thou beeft a worme fo groffile and fo fmal,

I wythe thie bloude woulde fcorne to foul mie fworde,

Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,

Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550

I Hurra amme miefel, & aie wylle bee,

As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

M A G-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynné your contekions <sup>81</sup>, chiefs; for, as I stode  
Uponné mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,  
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded <sup>82</sup> foe, 555  
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie,  
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme,

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560  
Seemyng as tho' theie flynge as perfante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.  
Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

<sup>81</sup> Contentions.

<sup>82</sup> frightened.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styngge as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard <sup>83</sup> thie blodde? ys ytte for  
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the foldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

### M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys  
goode. 570

### H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

## MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

### SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie fwerde,

<sup>83</sup> Lose.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner ; wythynne kenne  
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoafte 575  
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;  
Styr, ftyr, mie lordes !

### M A G N U S.

What ? Ælla ? & foe neare ?  
Thenne Denmarques roiend ; oh mie ryfyng feare !

### H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene ? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne <sup>84</sup>. 580  
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure fcanne,  
Whanne thou dydft boafte foe moche of actyon derne.  
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,  
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

### M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585  
Telleyng'e'hem alle to make her foemen blede ;  
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,  
Mie harte I wylle upryſe, & inne the battelle flea.

<sup>84</sup> Child.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*  
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590  
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyng browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere  
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,  
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere; 595  
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,  
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd fteate,  
Impatyente forr to mete the persfante stele,  
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate  
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600  
Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore  
drere,

Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redyng here.

There

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scutged <sup>85</sup> isle,  
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde foyle, 605  
 And townes enlowed <sup>86</sup> lemed <sup>87</sup> oppe the nyghtes.  
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes ;  
 Oure sonnes lie storven <sup>88</sup> ynne theyre smethynge  
 gore ;

Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,  
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610  
 Yce menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,  
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;  
 These roynettes of oure hallie houses flea ;  
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the  
 flame, 615

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.  
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,  
 Swepte as the rodde for-weltrynge <sup>89</sup> levyn-bronde,  
 Yatte hautes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,  
 Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe. 620

<sup>85</sup> Fate-scourged.

<sup>86</sup> flamed, fired.

<sup>87</sup> lighted.

<sup>88</sup> dead.

<sup>89</sup> blasing.

Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,  
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowyng bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,  
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,  
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes  
hygher, 625  
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.  
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,  
Pressyng ytte downe binethe the reynyng streame,  
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters <sup>90</sup> the hyghe stronde,  
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 830  
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-  
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,  
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;  
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende <sup>91</sup> fyre:  
Thenne lette oure safetie doubli moove oure ire,  
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

<sup>90</sup> swallows, sucks in.

<sup>91</sup> unaccustomed.



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepfterr nere the brire,  
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea ; 640  
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the  
playne,

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns  
flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,  
Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,  
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee  
fleene, 645

Lyche[a]loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.  
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,  
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte ;  
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,  
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow  
flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,  
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or  
die.

I saie ne moe ; youre spryte the reste wylle saie ;  
Your spryte wylle wryne, thatte Brystow ys yer  
place ;

To

To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655  
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the footē-pathe  
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttellē space ;  
 The tyme ys nowē to proove yourselves bee mēne ;  
 Drawē forthē the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,  
 Rouze, lyche a wolfyne rouzing from hys denne. 660  
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;  
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe  
 deathe.

### S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;  
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;  
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665  
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

### C E L M O N D E.

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;  
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;  
 Go, & fyttē crowned on corfes of the slayne ;  
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe, 670

S O L.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes ;  
Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble fprytes  
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.  
Swefte as the rayne-ftorme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675  
Soe wylle we fall upon thefe royners felle.

Oure mowynge fwerdes fhalle plunge hem downe to  
helle ;

Theyre throngynge corfes fhall onlyghte the ftarres ;  
The barrowes braftyng wythe the fleene fchall swelle,  
Brynnynge <sup>92</sup> to commynge tymes our famous  
warres ; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte fhall faie,  
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,

<sup>92</sup> Declaring.

Echone wyll wyssen hee hanne seene the daie, 685

And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede ;

Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wyll notte nede ;

Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ;

Wee wyll retourne unto thys grened mede,

Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690

Nowe to the warre lette all the flughornes founde,

The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfynge  
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 125

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

## F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;  
The Saxonne comme wythe Ælla atte theyre  
heade; 695

Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;  
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

## S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde;  
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?  
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are  
spreade, 700

Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.

Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete;

Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle<sup>93</sup> marke the goeynge of  
my feete.

<sup>93</sup> Shall.

THYRDE

## T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge foe,  
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705  
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.  
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,  
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;  
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710  
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblynge yield yer  
 breathe;

Whyleft those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle  
 flayne.

## H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,  
 Bie cravente<sup>94</sup> havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715  
 Dyspendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote  
 goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,  
 Gader the fouldyers lefte to future shappe,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne<sup>95</sup>;

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle spreng fadde dethe &  
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves there-  
ynne; 725

Goddess! here the Saxonnnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heerè the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte  
agenne.

<sup>95</sup> Retreat,

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE,

O forr a spryte al feere ! to telle the daie, 730  
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,  
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,  
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for  
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,  
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735  
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,  
 Her fable tapisftrie was rente yn twayne.  
 The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,  
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,  
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armour  
 steyne, 740  
 Sheenyng upon the borne<sup>96</sup> whyche stondeth bie;  
 The fouldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,  
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

<sup>96</sup> Burnish.



Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres ;  
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745  
 Hys eyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyre ;  
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;  
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750  
 Eche warryng harte forr prayle & rennome swelles ;  
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheyng streame,  
 Syche dyd the mormryng founde of the whol armie  
 seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to faie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755  
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme  
 tare,  
 To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were, 760  
 Lyche a yonge wolfyne brondeous & stryngue,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde ;  
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym  
 fledde.

The battelle jyned ; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd  
 rynge ;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee ; 765

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea ;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed <sup>97</sup> foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemme dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryfe opponne the playne ;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynges ; saie nee ;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee  
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres fee hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle ; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne ;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle !

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte ; botte Ælla's speere

<sup>97</sup> Frighted.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780  
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,  
He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,  
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes  
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons  
ſtonde,  
Lyche bulles, whoſe ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte ys  
fledde; 785

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes  
deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;  
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;  
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemenn  
bledde; 790

Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;  
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,  
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne  
fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-  
 fraie. 795

Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes  
 flie;

Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,  
 Pressyng behynde, the Englysche foldyerres slaie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;

Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the fleetre staie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,  
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.  
 Mie servant squyre!

## CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

### CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,  
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the  
 wynde, 801  
 Who

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn  
course,

Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.

Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810

Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;

Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;

Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm  
heere—awaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the toun

He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815

And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,

Makyng the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?

O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,

Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820

To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;

Botte thanne rennome æterne<sup>98</sup>—ytte ys botte ayre;

Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

<sup>98</sup> Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre  
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825  
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,  
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
Were blodde, & morthur, maisterie, and warre;  
Thie I wyll holde to now, & hede ne moe 830  
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,  
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be  
torne.

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A,

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;  
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere 99. 835  
Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure sellyness destroie,  
Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied reste.  
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840  
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;  
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;  
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere 99  
awaie.

99 Grief.

K 4

BIRTHA,

## BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

## MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! fyngē untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O! droppe the brynīe teare wythe mee, 845  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynynge <sup>100</sup> ryver bee;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne <sup>101</sup> as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode <sup>102</sup> as the fommer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
     Mie love ys dedde, 855  
     Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throffles note,  
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

<sup>100</sup> Running.<sup>101</sup> hair.<sup>102</sup> complexion.



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftofe, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree :

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered delle belowe ;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone fheenes onne hie ;

Whyterre ys mie true loves froude ;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge fkie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

Nee one hallie Seyncte to fave  
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys death-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
Heere mie boddie ftylle fchalle bee,

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree,

890

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
Lyfe & all yttes goode I fcorne,  
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

895

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes <sup>103</sup>,  
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

<sup>103</sup> Water-flags

I die;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 139

I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes,

Thos the damfelle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte  
please ;

Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all  
ease.

905

ÆLLA,

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes ! brynge mee a  
stede !

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte ;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie foul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for  
flyghte ; 910

Swepte as mie wyfhe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne  
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O ! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme  
myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &  
blesse ;

On

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede <sup>104</sup>, yanne bie the same thyng  
warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

\*Tys BIRTHA'S los whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-  
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede ?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste ; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers <sup>105</sup> yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moste awaie to BYRTHA eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

<sup>104</sup> Frozen, cold.

<sup>105</sup> horse courcers, couriers.

## CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes  
are styll;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;

The upryfte <sup>106</sup> sprytes the sylente letten <sup>107</sup> fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynn the dreame;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 930

Nowe maie mie love be sated ynn yttes treat;

Uponne the lynche of somme sweeste reynyng streame,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.

Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

## CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

## CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungerr waytethe  
here. 935

<sup>106</sup> Risen.

<sup>107</sup> church-yard.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee feynctes! I hope thou haste goode  
newes.

CELMONDE.

Ths hope ys losfe; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyues; & styll maie use  
The behylte <sup>108</sup> bleffynge of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydyng thenne haue I to feare? 940  
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

<sup>108</sup> Promised.

CEL-

## C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.  
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;  
 In Wedecefter's wallid toune he lyes.

## B I R T H A,

O mie agroted breast !

## C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

## B I R T H A.

Wylle BIRTHA's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne ?  
 I fle; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

## C E L M O N D E.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

## B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll fle as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweetlie



# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge ; 950  
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.  
 O Ælla, Ælla ! dydſte thou kenne the ſtyng,  
 The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,  
 Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare to bee ;  
 Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

## C E L M O N D E.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre ;  
 Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;  
 Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;  
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.  
 Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys  
 bloode, 960  
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle  
 cheere ;  
 Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode <sup>109</sup> ;  
 You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.  
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,  
 Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes  
 ſmoke. 965

<sup>109</sup> Life.

## B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,  
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,  
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,  
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd  
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee; 970  
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,  
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeynge everyche tree,  
 And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streame,  
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,  
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the  
 waie. 975

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,  
 Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;  
 Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wyllle flea,  
 Spreddyng our ugosome rennome to afarre.

Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee  
 are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;  
 On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,  
 Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie  
 dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
 Eftefoones we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne  
 moere. 985

The battelle lofte, a battelle was yndede ;  
 Note queedes hemselfes culde ftonde fo harde a fraie ;  
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,  
 The Dacyannes fprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde  
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990  
 Ynn fpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte ;  
 Botte wee ynn hyndlettes blodde the lofs wylle paie,  
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn  
 fyghte ;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,  
 deſtroie ;—

Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of  
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie brende ;  
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,  
 The talle chyrche-fpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende ;  
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes  
 rende, 1000

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,  
Besprengynge alle abroade sadde warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie ;  
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth  
bie. 1005

## ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

### CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

#### BIRTHA.

Thys merknesh doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.  
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde !  
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,  
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde ;  
The starres doe scantillie <sup>110</sup> the fable brayde ; 1010  
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove ;  
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde ?

### CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

<sup>110</sup> Scarcely, sparingly.

## B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.  
 Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of  
 daie.

1015

## C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here?

## B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

## C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,  
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
 Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore <sup>iii</sup>, dothe  
 ſheene,

1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;  
 See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,  
 Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the fyghte;

<sup>iii</sup> Torch.

Thys

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,  
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves  
bondes. 1025

### B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou meneest, or alse mie  
thoughtes

Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

### C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

### B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030  
Am I betrafte <sup>112</sup>? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

### C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,  
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

<sup>112</sup> Betrayed.

## B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,  
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

## C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bic the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.  
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrade.  
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040  
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!  
 Iwretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,  
 Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.  
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,  
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce  
 brooke. 1045

## B I R T H A.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie <sup>113</sup> sedde.

<sup>113</sup> Letchery.

Swythyne



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further faie;  
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.  
Yee feynctes ! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050  
And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the  
thynges ?

Lett mee be gone—alle curfes onne thie hedde !  
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge !  
Lette me be gone, thou manne of fable harte !  
Or welkyn <sup>114</sup> & her starres wyll take a maydens  
parte. 1055

## C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,  
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte ;  
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynges as stele ;  
The merkys seefonne wylle your blosches hylte <sup>115</sup>.

## B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde was  
spylte ! 1060

<sup>114</sup> heaven.

<sup>115</sup> hide.

## C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.  
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylste.  
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete alse hede.

## B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,  
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder  
 heare.

1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

## H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.  
 I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

## C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

Thie wordes wyll ne mie hartis sete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys roynar heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;  
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wyll shewe thee bie mie brondeous <sup>116</sup> honde;

H U R R A.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie strynges anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he sleath,  
and falet to Hurra.*]

<sup>116</sup> Furious.

C E L-

## C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forslagen <sup>117</sup> be! ye Danes, now kenne,  
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,  
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forflege youre menne;  
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—  
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.]

## H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080  
 Saie, who bee you?

## B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

## H U R R A.

Ah!

## B I R T H A.

Gyff anenfte hym you harboure foule despyte,  
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

<sup>117</sup> slain.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,  
From ewbryce <sup>118</sup> you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal  
woe. 1085

### H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.  
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.  
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,  
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090  
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;  
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;  
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;  
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,  
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter  
dome. 1095

### B I R T H A.

Mercie!

### H U R R A.

Bee styлле.

<sup>118</sup> Adultery.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;  
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyne ;  
 The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,  
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne ;  
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne ? 1100  
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian felde,  
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-  
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytyfined, yn felde dyd bee,  
 Hee oathed you to bee styлле, & strayte dydd sette you  
 free, 1105

Scalle wee forflege <sup>119</sup> hys wyfe, because he's brave ?  
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare ?  
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,  
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere ?  
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110  
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,  
 Bewrynnne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne ?

<sup>119</sup> Slay.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;  
Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe  
mee, 1115

### B I R T H A.

Al bleffynge maie the feynctes unto yee gyve !  
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges  
bee !  
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,  
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea.  
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120  
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;  
Maie ne thie cross-stone <sup>120</sup> of thie cryme bewree !  
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !  
Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,  
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

### H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns' alonge the Easte to sheene ;  
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;  
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,  
Toe chafe the merkyness of nyghte awaie ;

<sup>120</sup> Monument.

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the  
daie; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse;

The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante <sup>121</sup> fees her vyfage yn the wavie glasse;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla fee,

Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyfelle, followe  
mee. 1135

<sup>121</sup> Scarce,



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 161

A T B R Y S T O W E.

Æ L L A A N D S E R V I T O U R E S.

Æ L L A.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laſte  
nyghte

To have been heere; mie ſtede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylſte I goe oppe, & wake mie ſlepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I ſhal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie ſpryte,

Thie ſmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyll prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wyll bee ſette aryghte.

Egwina, haſte, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breſte maie thynke of warre ne  
more. 1145

M

Æ L L A.

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to me  
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of thee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A

E G W I N A.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Æ L L A.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

E G W I N A.

I will.

Æ L L A.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie,

Where ys shee? swythyne speeke, or instante thou  
shalte die. 1155

E G W I N A.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

Æ L L A.

Oh! speek.

## E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,  
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,  
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her hearte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

## E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleyn<sup>122</sup>. 1160

As ys mie hentyllle everyche morne to goe,  
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;  
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere<sup>123</sup>,  
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
 where. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge! thou lyeft; thou art her  
 ayde

To chere her loust<sup>e</sup>;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

<sup>122</sup> Only, alone.<sup>123</sup> Search.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear, notte inne whatte I have sayde,  
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170  
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;  
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytt wrackerh mee!  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;  
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;  
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie  
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.  
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.  
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

Downe to hym camme shee ; butte thereof the  
reste 1180

I ken ne matter ; so, mie homage made—

Æ L L A.

O ! speake ne moe ; mie harte flames yn yttes heste ;

I once was Ælla ; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned <sup>124</sup> headde I hanne been Ælla  
styllle. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburled <sup>125</sup> of alle mie spryte ;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce <sup>126</sup>  
wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte ; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte ;

A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie  
fynde, 1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve ;

Whanne thos mie rennome <sup>127</sup> & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve ;

<sup>124</sup> Curfed, tormented.

<sup>125</sup> unarmed.

<sup>126</sup> soft, gentle.

<sup>127</sup> renown.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,  
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195  
[*Stabbeth bys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be styll: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.  
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde  
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.  
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200  
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethal tale; alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dynde yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!

Botte, ah ! shee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shee moste bee

Æ L L A.

Ah ! faie notte foe ; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblic  
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,  
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah ! Birtha here !

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys ? whatte menes yis leathalle  
knelle ?

Where ys mie Ælla ? speeke ; where ? howe ys hee ?  
Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

Æ L L A.



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 169

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge see. 1210

This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,  
Ytte mee unsprytes <sup>228</sup>.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!  
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

<sup>128</sup> Un-fouls.

H U R R A:

## H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to  
thee. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Strevynge fulle harde anenfte a burlid fwayne;  
I fente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,  
Celmonde hys name, chief of thiē warrynge trayne.  
Yis damoiselle foughte to be here agayne; 1220  
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;  
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

## C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.  
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes coulde  
Ælla feare? 1225

## B I R T H A.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

### B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne ? I cannotte blame thie feere.  
Botte doe reste mée uponne mie Ælla's breaſte ;  
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.  
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte,  
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeſte, 1230  
To Watchette towne, where you deceaſynge laie ;  
I wyth hym fledde ; thro' a murke wode we preſte,  
Where hee foule love unto mie cares dyd ſaie ;  
The Danes —

### Æ L L A.

Oh ! I die contente.—

[*dieth.*

### B I R T H A.

Oh ! ys mie Ælla dedde ?

O ! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal  
bedde.

1235

[*Birtha feyneth.*

### C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt ? Ælla deadde ! & Birtha dyynge toe !  
Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,  
 Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?  
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240  
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losse.  
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,  
 A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;  
 Further, a just amede to thee to bee,  
 Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge  
 of thee. 1245

T H E E N D E.

GODD WYN;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,	bie <i>T. Rowleie</i> , the Auſthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie <i>Johan de Iſcamme</i> .
ELWARDE,	bie Syrr <i>Tbybbot Gorges</i> .
ALSTAN,	bie Syrr <i>Alan de Vere</i> .
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie Maſtre <i>Willyam Canynge</i> .

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrells*.

## P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**W**HYLOMME<sup>1</sup> bie pensmenne<sup>2</sup> moke<sup>3</sup> ungentle<sup>4</sup>  
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,  
Dherebie benymmynge<sup>5</sup> hymme of faie<sup>6</sup> and fame;  
Unliart<sup>7</sup> divinistres<sup>8</sup> haveth saide,  
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie<sup>9</sup> wurche<sup>10</sup>; 5  
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne<sup>11</sup> the church.

The aucthoure<sup>11</sup> of the piece whiche we enacte,  
Albeytte<sup>13</sup> a clergyon<sup>14</sup>, trouthe wyll wrytte.  
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;  
Entyn<sup>15</sup> a kynge mote<sup>16</sup> bee full pleased to nyghte. 10  
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;  
Wee better for toe doe do champyon<sup>17</sup> anie onne.

<sup>1</sup> Of old, formerly. <sup>2</sup> writers, historians. <sup>3</sup> much. <sup>4</sup> inglorious.  
<sup>5</sup> bereaving. <sup>6</sup> faith. <sup>7</sup> unforgiving. <sup>8</sup> divines, clergymen, monks.  
<sup>9</sup> holy. <sup>10</sup> work. <sup>11</sup> not. <sup>12</sup> author. <sup>13</sup> though, notwithstanding.  
<sup>14</sup> clerk, or clergyman. <sup>15</sup> entyn, even. <sup>16</sup> might. <sup>17</sup> challenge.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

**H** A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde <sup>18</sup>!

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,  
 What foemen <sup>19</sup> riseth to ifrete <sup>20</sup> the londe.  
 Theie batten <sup>21</sup> onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude  
 dryncke,  
 And all ys graunted from the roial honde.

<sup>18</sup> Lord. <sup>19</sup> foes, enemies. <sup>20</sup> devour, destroy. <sup>21</sup> fatten.

H A R O L D E .



H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agrement<sup>22</sup> blyn<sup>23</sup>, ne aledge<sup>24</sup> stonde; 5  
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:  
 Am I betrayed<sup>25</sup>, fyke<sup>26</sup> shulde mie burlie<sup>27</sup> bronde  
 Depeyncte<sup>28</sup> the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte<sup>29</sup> ful welle; gentle thou art,  
 Stringe<sup>30</sup>, ugsomme<sup>31</sup>, rou<sup>32</sup>, as smethynge<sup>33</sup> armyes  
 seeme; 10  
 Yett este<sup>34</sup>, I feare, thie chefes<sup>35</sup> toe grete a parte,  
 And that thie rede<sup>36</sup> bee este borne downe bie breme<sup>37</sup>.  
 What tydynges from the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge<sup>38</sup> trayne.

<sup>22</sup> Grievance; a sense of it.      <sup>23</sup> cease, be still,      <sup>24</sup> idly.  
<sup>25</sup> deceived, imposed on.      <sup>26</sup> so.      <sup>27</sup> fury, anger, rage.  
<sup>28</sup> paint, display.      <sup>29</sup> foul.      <sup>30</sup> strong.      <sup>31</sup> terrible.  
<sup>32</sup> horrid, grim.      <sup>33</sup> smoking, bleeding.      <sup>34</sup> oft.      <sup>35</sup> heat, rashness.  
<sup>36</sup> counsel, wisdom.      <sup>37</sup> strength, also strong.      <sup>38</sup> taudry, glimmering.

## G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15  
 To kenne theſe Normannes everich rennome gayne.  
 What tydyngge withe the foulke <sup>39</sup> ?

## H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer ſhap <sup>40</sup>, ſtylle toe the  
 kyngge  
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie ſea.  
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a  
 ſtyngge ? 20  
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wyll ryghted bee ?

## G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wyll fende us ayde.

## H A R O L D E.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde ourefelves wyth powre.  
 Whan Godde wyll fende us ayde ! tis fetelie <sup>41</sup> prayde.

<sup>39</sup> People.      <sup>40</sup> fate, deſtiny.      <sup>41</sup> nobly.

Moste we those calke <sup>42</sup> awaie the lyve-longe howre? <sup>25</sup>  
 Thos croche <sup>43</sup> oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne <sup>44</sup>,  
 Unburled <sup>45</sup>, undelievre <sup>46</sup>, unespryte <sup>47</sup>?  
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk <sup>48</sup> thoughte of peyne,  
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untill the somme season fyttē. <sup>30</sup>  
 Mie Kentysmen, thie Summertons shal ryse;  
 Adented <sup>49</sup> prowess <sup>50</sup> to the gite <sup>51</sup> of witte,  
 Agayne the argent <sup>52</sup> horse shal daunce yn skies.  
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge <sup>53</sup> wanhope <sup>54</sup>  
 lies.

Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe <sup>55</sup>. <sup>35</sup>  
 Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wyll nete alyse <sup>56</sup>,  
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe <sup>57</sup>?  
 Upponne the trone <sup>58</sup> I sette thee, helde thie crowne;  
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte <sup>59</sup> thee downe.

<sup>42</sup> Cast. <sup>43</sup> cross, from crouche, a cross. <sup>44</sup> attempt, or endeavour.  
<sup>45</sup> unarmed. <sup>46</sup> unactive. <sup>47</sup> unspirited. <sup>48</sup> such. <sup>49</sup> fastened, annexed.  
<sup>50</sup> might, power. <sup>51</sup> mantle, or robe. <sup>52</sup> white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. <sup>53</sup> distracting.  
<sup>54</sup> despair. <sup>55</sup> bleed. <sup>56</sup> allow. <sup>57</sup> ease. <sup>58</sup> throne. <sup>59</sup> pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kynge. 40

Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.

Know, ytte beſeies <sup>60</sup> thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;

Servynge thie leegeſolcke <sup>61</sup> thou arte ſervynge Godde.

### H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes

The dailie contekes <sup>62</sup> of the londe aſcende. 45

The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries

Acheke <sup>63</sup> the mokie <sup>64</sup> aire & heaven aſtende <sup>65</sup>.

On us the rulers doe the ſolcke depende;

Hancelled <sup>66</sup> from erthe theſe Normanne <sup>67</sup> hyndes  
ſhalle bee;

Lyche a battently <sup>68</sup> low <sup>69</sup>, mie ſwerde ſhalle  
brende <sup>70</sup>; 50

Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem <sup>71</sup> ſlea <sup>72</sup>;

Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wyll defayte <sup>73</sup>;

Aboune <sup>74</sup> the hyghe empryze <sup>75</sup>, & rouze the cham-  
pyones ſtrayte.

<sup>60</sup> Becomes. <sup>61</sup> ſubjects. <sup>62</sup> contentions, complaints. <sup>63</sup> choke.

<sup>64</sup> dark, cloudy. <sup>65</sup> aſtoniſh. <sup>66</sup> cut off, deſtroyed. <sup>67</sup> ſlaves.

<sup>68</sup> loud roaring. <sup>69</sup> flame of fire. <sup>70</sup> burn, conſume. <sup>71</sup> them.

<sup>72</sup> ſlay. <sup>73</sup> decay. <sup>74</sup> make ready. <sup>75</sup> enterprize.

G O D D W Y N.

Thie fuster —

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte <sup>76</sup>, dyd shee speeke her foemen <sup>77</sup> fayre, 55

I wulde dequace <sup>78</sup> her comlie femlykeene <sup>79</sup>,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace <sup>80</sup> yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir <sup>81</sup> blyn <sup>82</sup>.

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal <sup>83</sup> mere <sup>84</sup>,

Uprifte <sup>85</sup> withe hiltrene <sup>86</sup> wyndes & cause unkend <sup>87</sup>,

Beheste <sup>88</sup> it to be lete <sup>89</sup>; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

<sup>76</sup> Notwithstanding.

<sup>77</sup> foes.

<sup>78</sup> mangle, destroy.

<sup>79</sup> beauty, countenance.

<sup>80</sup> an ancient sword.

<sup>81</sup> fury. <sup>82</sup> cease.

<sup>83</sup> deadly. <sup>84</sup> lake.

<sup>85</sup> swollen.

<sup>86</sup> hidden.

<sup>87</sup> unknown.

<sup>88</sup> command. <sup>89</sup> still.

The gule-steynct <sup>90</sup> brygandyne <sup>91</sup>, the adventayle <sup>92</sup>,  
The feerie anlace <sup>92</sup> brede <sup>93</sup> shal make mie gare <sup>94</sup> pre-  
vayle.

## G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

## H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites <sup>95</sup> unfree, 65  
Here liethe Normans coupyng <sup>96</sup> her bie lotte,  
Caltysnyng <sup>97</sup> everich native plante to gre <sup>98</sup>,  
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous <sup>99</sup> wulde hem  
flee <sup>1</sup>;  
Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme <sup>2</sup>;  
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70  
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.  
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne <sup>3</sup> mie ragefulle ire,  
And Goddis anlace <sup>4</sup> wielde yn furie dyre.

<sup>90</sup> Red-stained. <sup>91</sup> <sup>92</sup> parts of armour. <sup>93</sup> broad. <sup>94</sup> cause.  
<sup>95</sup> rights, liberties. <sup>96</sup> cutting, mangling. <sup>97</sup> forbidding. <sup>98</sup> grow.  
<sup>99</sup> furious. <sup>1</sup> flay. <sup>2</sup> strength. <sup>3</sup> declare. <sup>4</sup> sword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster <sup>5</sup> hym ordeyne; 75  
Sette uppe som dygner <sup>6</sup> than I han pyghte <sup>7</sup> downe;  
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd <sup>8</sup> agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie <sup>9</sup> seyncte kynge reygne,  
Ande somme moe reded <sup>10</sup> rule the untentyff <sup>11</sup>  
reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortefie, wylle deygne 80  
To yelde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:  
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,  
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

<sup>5</sup> Monastery. <sup>6</sup> more worthy. <sup>7</sup> pulled, plucked. <sup>8</sup> displayed.  
<sup>9</sup> over-righteous. <sup>10</sup> counfelled, more wise. <sup>11</sup> uncareful, neglected.

## H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wyllle bouthe ytte strayte ;  
 Bete <sup>12</sup> mee to flea <sup>13</sup> mie self, ytte shalle be done. 85

## G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wyllle swythynne <sup>14</sup> the menes unplayte <sup>15</sup>,  
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie  
 sonne.

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,  
 Whatte agrames <sup>16</sup> braunce <sup>17</sup> out from the general  
 tree ;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock <sup>18</sup> gron <sup>19</sup> go  
 Drented <sup>20</sup> of alle yts fwolynge <sup>21</sup> owndes <sup>22</sup> shalle bee ;  
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryse :  
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agramme <sup>23</sup> flies.

## H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote <sup>24</sup> alle mie knyghtes,  
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as  
 brede <sup>25</sup> 95

<sup>12</sup> Bid, command.    <sup>13</sup> flay.    <sup>14</sup> presently.    <sup>15</sup> explain.

<sup>16</sup> grievances.    <sup>17</sup> branch.    <sup>18</sup> wet, moist.    <sup>19</sup> fen, moor.

<sup>20</sup> drained.    <sup>21</sup> swelling.    <sup>22</sup> waves.    <sup>23</sup> grievance.    <sup>24</sup> assemble.

<sup>25</sup> broad.

As



As the ybroched<sup>26</sup> moon, when blaunch<sup>27</sup> she dyghtes<sup>28</sup>  
 The wodeland groundes or water-mantled mede;  
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-  
 tieft<sup>29</sup> blede,  
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen<sup>30</sup> foes,  
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests<sup>31</sup> a castle-stede<sup>32</sup>, 100  
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke<sup>33</sup> yiere woes;  
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,  
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

## G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,  
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105  
 The moe wee gayne, the gare<sup>34</sup> wylle prosper beste,  
 Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

## H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
 And alle attenes<sup>35</sup> the spreddynge kyngedomme  
 bynde.

<sup>26</sup> Horned.    <sup>27</sup> white.    <sup>28</sup> decks.    <sup>29</sup> mightiest, most valiant.  
<sup>30</sup> slain.    <sup>31</sup> oversets.    <sup>32</sup> a castle.    <sup>33</sup> revenge.    <sup>34</sup> cause.  
<sup>35</sup> at once.

No crouched <sup>36</sup> champyone wythe an harte moe  
feygne 100

Dyd yssue owte the hallie <sup>37</sup> fwerde to fynde,

Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe t

I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;

I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

### G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

### H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,

Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.

Thie geafon <sup>38</sup> wronges bee reyne <sup>39</sup> ynto theyre  
pryme; 120

Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.

Alyche a storm egederinge <sup>40</sup> yn the skie,

Tys fulle ande brasteth <sup>41</sup> on the chaper <sup>42</sup> grounde;

<sup>36</sup> One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.

<sup>37</sup> holy.

<sup>38</sup> rare, extraordinary, strange.

<sup>39</sup> run; shot up.

<sup>40</sup> assembling, gathering, <sup>41</sup> bursteth. <sup>42</sup> dry, barren.

Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,  
 And alle theyre mittee <sup>43</sup> menne be fleene <sup>44</sup>  
 arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,  
 Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele <sup>45</sup> shal  
 calle.

<sup>43</sup> Mighty.

<sup>44</sup> slain.

<sup>45</sup> help.

## K Y N G E E D W A R D E A N D H Y S Q U E E N E .

## Q U E E N E ,

BOTTE, loverde<sup>46</sup>, whie so manie Normannes here?

Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.

Theſe browded<sup>47</sup> ſtraungers alwaie doe appere, 130

Theie parte yor trone<sup>48</sup>, and ſete at your ryghte  
honde.

## K Y N G E .

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde :

Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie<sup>49</sup> kepe ;

Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre<sup>50</sup> me gronde ;

To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndneſſe ſlepe. 135

<sup>46</sup> Lord. <sup>47</sup> embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not  
uſed in England till Hen. II. <sup>48</sup> throne. <sup>49</sup> perſon, body.

<sup>50</sup> lodge.

QUEENE.

Mancas <sup>51</sup> you have yn store, and to them parte;  
 Youre leege-folcke <sup>52</sup> make moke <sup>53</sup> dole <sup>54</sup>, you have  
 theyr worthe asterte <sup>55</sup>.

K Y N G E.

I heste <sup>56</sup> no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.  
 Hallie <sup>57</sup> dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele <sup>58</sup>.  
 Theyre volundes <sup>59</sup> are ystorven <sup>60</sup> to self endes; 140  
 No denwere <sup>61</sup> yn mie breste I of them fele:  
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;  
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;  
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele <sup>62</sup>,  
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were <sup>63</sup>;  
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

<sup>51</sup> Marks.      <sup>52</sup> subjects.      <sup>53</sup> much.      <sup>54</sup> lamentation.  
<sup>55</sup> neglected, or passed by.      <sup>56</sup> require, ask.      <sup>57</sup> holy.      <sup>58</sup> help.  
<sup>59</sup> will.      <sup>60</sup> dead.      <sup>61</sup> doubt.      <sup>62</sup> waves.  
<sup>63</sup> heaven-ward, or God-ward.

## K Y N G E   A N D   S Y R   H U G H E.

## K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges  
thee here?

## H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente <sup>64</sup>;  
The hus dyspense <sup>65</sup> unpaied doe appere;                      150  
The laste receivure <sup>66</sup> ys eftesoones <sup>67</sup> dispente <sup>68</sup>.

## K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

## H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke  
Untoe the mitte <sup>69</sup> Erle Harolde of the thyng;                      155  
He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,  
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge.

<sup>64</sup> Purse, used here probably as a treasury.

<sup>65</sup> expence.

<sup>66</sup> receipt. <sup>67</sup> soon. <sup>68</sup> expended. <sup>69</sup> a contradiction of mighty.

## K Y N G E.

Arace <sup>70</sup> hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,  
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall wyield the erlies fwerde.

## H U G H E.

Atte seefon fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee;  
Botte nowē the folcke doe foe enalfe <sup>71</sup> hys name,  
Inne strevvyngē to slea hymme, ourselves wee slea; 160  
Syke ys the doughtyness <sup>72</sup> of hys grete fame.

## K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede <sup>73</sup> ys notte to blame.  
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn  
Kente.

## H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same;  
He sweeres he wyllē notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

<sup>70</sup> Divest.    <sup>71</sup> embrace.    <sup>72</sup> mightiness.    <sup>73</sup> counsel.

K Y N G E.

## K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wyllle commaunde.  
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the  
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere  
 Such ſtedneſs <sup>74</sup> in the yll and evylle thyngē;  
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere <sup>75</sup>, 170  
 Onknowlachyngē <sup>76</sup> gif thereunto to clyngē.

## H U G H E.

Onwordie ſyke a marvellē <sup>77</sup> of a kyngē !  
 O Edwardē, thou deſerveſt purer leege <sup>78</sup>;  
 To thee heie <sup>79</sup> ſhulden al theire mancas bryngē;  
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave mēne, and thie glomb <sup>80</sup>  
 forſlege <sup>81</sup>. 175  
 I amme no curriedowe <sup>82</sup>, I lacke no wite <sup>83</sup>,  
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is  
 ryghte.

<sup>74</sup> Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs.    <sup>75</sup> doubt, ſuſpenſe.    <sup>76</sup> not knowing.  
<sup>77</sup> wonder.    <sup>78</sup> homage, obeyſance.    <sup>79</sup> they.    <sup>80</sup> frown.    <sup>81</sup> kill.  
<sup>82</sup> curriedowe, flatterer.    <sup>83</sup> reward.

K Y N G E.



## K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie <sup>84</sup> manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele <sup>85</sup> mee ynn mie  
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife <sup>86</sup>, 180

And twayne of hamlettes <sup>87</sup> to thee and thie heyres.

Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,  
Theie alleyn <sup>88</sup> have fyke love as to acquyre yer  
bredde.

<sup>84</sup> holy.    <sup>85</sup> help.    <sup>86</sup> allow.    <sup>87</sup> manors.    <sup>88</sup> alone.

O

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dresse yn blodde-steyned veste,  
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe funge, 185  
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;  
 A gorie anlate bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;  
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;  
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190  
 In vayne assayled <sup>1</sup> her bosomme to acale <sup>2</sup> ;  
 She hearde onflemed <sup>3</sup> the shriekynge voice of woe,  
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burlled <sup>4</sup> speere,  
 On hie she jesse <sup>5</sup> her sheelde, 195  
 Her foemen <sup>6</sup> all appere,  
 And flizze <sup>7</sup> alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod <sup>8</sup> straught <sup>9</sup> ynto the skyes,  
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

<sup>1</sup> Endeavoured.    <sup>2</sup> freeze.    <sup>3</sup> undismayed.    <sup>4</sup> armed, pointed.  
<sup>5</sup> hoisted on high, raised.    <sup>6</sup> foes, enemies.    <sup>7</sup> fly.    <sup>8</sup> head.  
<sup>9</sup> stretched.

Alyche <sup>10</sup> twaie <sup>11</sup> brendeynge <sup>12</sup> gronfyres <sup>13</sup> rolls hys  
eyes, 200

Chaftes <sup>14</sup> with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fytttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys fpeere,

She ryfes from the ftocke,

Wioldynge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe fhe drive ytte on,

Wyttte fcillye <sup>15</sup> wympled <sup>16</sup> gies <sup>17</sup> ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe fharpe fpeere, hys fpreddyngge fheelde ys  
gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld <sup>18</sup>,  
arift <sup>19</sup>, 210

Hys feerie heaulme <sup>20</sup> noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ftreynynge fyfte—

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> Like <sup>11</sup> two. <sup>12</sup> flaming. <sup>13</sup> meteors. <sup>14</sup> beats, stamps.  
<sup>15</sup> clofely. <sup>16</sup> mantled, covered. <sup>17</sup> guides. <sup>18</sup> armed. <sup>19</sup> arofe.  
<sup>20</sup> helmet.

## ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. R O W L E I E.

B O O K E Ift<sup>1</sup>.

**W**HANNE Scythyanes, falvage as the wolves  
theie chacde,

Peyncted in horrowe <sup>2</sup> formes bie nature dyghte,  
Heckled <sup>3</sup> yn beaftskyns, flepte uponne the waste,  
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,  
Swepte as descendeynge lemes <sup>4</sup> of roddie lyghte <sup>5</sup>  
Plonged to the hulfred <sup>5</sup> bedde of haveyngse seas,  
Gerð <sup>6</sup> the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets <sup>7</sup>  
twighte <sup>8</sup>,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,  
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred  
defs <sup>9</sup>,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched <sup>10</sup> clefs. 10

<sup>1</sup> I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.

<sup>2</sup> unseemly, disagreeable. <sup>3</sup> wrapped. <sup>4</sup> rays. <sup>5</sup> hidden, secret.

<sup>6</sup> broke, rent. <sup>7</sup> small pieces. <sup>8</sup> pulled, rent. <sup>9</sup> vapours, meteors.

<sup>10</sup> emblaunched.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles <sup>11</sup>

The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere ;

An uncouth <sup>12</sup> denwere <sup>13</sup> to theire bosomme steles ;

Theyre myghte ys knopped <sup>14</sup> ynne the froste of fere.

The headed javlyn liffeth <sup>15</sup> here and there ; 15

Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne ;

The shyppes sayle, boleynge <sup>16</sup> wythe the kyndelie  
ayre,

Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne ;

Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde

A burled <sup>17</sup> Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn  
honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres <sup>18</sup>, whose  
swerdes

Glestred lyke gledeyng <sup>19</sup> starres ynne frostie nete,

Hayleyng theire capytayne in chirckynge <sup>20</sup> wordes

Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.

The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte ;

<sup>11</sup> Ridges, rising waves.

<sup>12, 13</sup> unknown tremour.

<sup>14</sup> fastened, chained, congealed.

<sup>15</sup> boundeth.

<sup>16</sup> swelling.

<sup>17</sup> armed.

<sup>18</sup> companions.

<sup>19</sup> livid.

<sup>20</sup> a confused noise.

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete  
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the syghte;  
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,  
 Theie uncted <sup>21</sup> Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns  
 swaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lerned <sup>22</sup> up the myndes,  
 Leggende <sup>23</sup> the salvage unthewes <sup>24</sup> of their breste,  
 Improved in mysterk <sup>25</sup> warre, and lymmed <sup>26</sup> theyre  
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.  
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35  
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente <sup>27</sup>;  
 Halceld <sup>28</sup> the bykrous <sup>29</sup> Huns, who dyd infeste  
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intende;  
 As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was  
 honge,  
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled  
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roial fede,  
 Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;

<sup>21</sup> Anointed. <sup>22</sup> enlightened. <sup>23</sup> alloyed. <sup>24</sup> savage barbarity.  
<sup>25</sup> mystic. <sup>26</sup> polished. <sup>27</sup> a princely robe. <sup>28</sup> defeated. <sup>29</sup> warring.

Bloufhing, alyche <sup>30</sup> the fcarlette of herr wede,  
 She fonke to pleafauce on the marryage bedde.  
 Eftfoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde; 45  
 Elft rid ametten with the kynge Locryne;  
 Unnombered beauties were upon her fhedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;  
 The mornynge tyng, the rofe, the lillie floure,  
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre  
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love;  
 Theie lyved foft momentes to a fwotie <sup>31</sup> age;  
 Eft <sup>32</sup> wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre difporte engage;  
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage <sup>33</sup>, 55  
 Croppe the prymrofen floure to decke theyre headde;  
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
 Gemoted <sup>34</sup> warriours to bewrecke <sup>35</sup> her bedde;  
 Theie rofe; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene;  
 The faire Elft rida fledde from the enchafed <sup>36</sup> queene. 60

<sup>30</sup> Like.      <sup>31</sup> fweet.      <sup>32</sup> oft.      <sup>33</sup> a tale.      <sup>34</sup> affembled.  
<sup>35</sup> revenge.      <sup>36</sup> heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeynge morreyng shewed a fayre daie,  
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,  
 To where the Western mittee <sup>37</sup> pyles of claie 65  
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;  
 There dyd Elfrida and Sabryna staie;  
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch <sup>38</sup>  
 and gear;  
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-  
 grate <sup>39</sup>. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng <sup>40</sup>  
 skies,  
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte <sup>41</sup>,  
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele <sup>42</sup> emprize <sup>43</sup>.  
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn  
 nyghte,

<sup>37</sup> Mighty.    <sup>38</sup> apparel.    <sup>39</sup> esteem, favour.    <sup>40</sup> glittering.  
<sup>41</sup> settled.    <sup>42</sup> help.    <sup>43</sup> adventure.



Stepte over cytties, on meint <sup>44</sup> acres lies,  
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;  
 Tyll mooveyng to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye <sup>45</sup>,  
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
 Harried <sup>46</sup> uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,  
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde <sup>47</sup>,  
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne fle.  
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie; 85  
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;  
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;  
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pource  
 founte,  
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,  
 Staieyng the rounyng course of meint a limmed <sup>48</sup>  
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kened the actyons of the wyghte,  
 To leggen <sup>49</sup> the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,  
 Houton <sup>50</sup> dyd make the mountaine bie their mighte.  
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

<sup>44</sup> Many. <sup>45</sup> guide. <sup>46</sup> tost. <sup>47</sup> astonish. <sup>48</sup> glassy, reflecting.  
<sup>49</sup> lessen, alloy. <sup>50</sup> hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare <sup>51</sup>; 95

From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stons,

Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere;

Sabrynas floode was helde ynnne Elstryds bones.

So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde

Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's

ywrynde <sup>52</sup>.

100

The bawfyn <sup>53</sup> gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,

To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped <sup>54</sup>;

Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynghe lee,

The roddie levynne <sup>55</sup> glesterd on hys headde:

Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105

He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie <sup>56</sup> payne;

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes <sup>57</sup> were  
fed,

He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:

Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,

A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte  
hyghte. 110

<sup>51</sup> Bewildered, curious.

<sup>52</sup> hid, covered,

<sup>53</sup> huge, bulky.

<sup>54</sup> dispatched.

<sup>55</sup> red lightning.

<sup>56</sup> cruel.

<sup>57</sup> flames, rays.

F I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE  
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY<sup>1</sup>,  
1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,  
And hotte upon the mees<sup>2</sup> did caste his raie;  
The apple rodde<sup>3</sup> from its palie greene,  
And the mole<sup>4</sup> peare did bende the leafy spraie;  
The peepe chelandri<sup>5</sup> funge the livelong daie;      5  
'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the ycare,  
And eke the grounde was dighte<sup>6</sup> in its mose deste<sup>7</sup>  
aumere<sup>8</sup>.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken<sup>9</sup> blue,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.    <sup>2</sup> meads.    <sup>3</sup> reddened, ripened.    <sup>4</sup> soft.    <sup>5</sup> pied goldfinch.    <sup>6</sup> drest, arayed.    <sup>7</sup> neat, ornamental.    <sup>8</sup> a loose robe or mantle.    <sup>9</sup> the sky, the atmosphere.

When

When from the sea arift <sup>10</sup> in drear arraie 10  
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring <sup>11</sup> attenes <sup>12</sup> the funnis fetive <sup>13</sup> face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent <sup>14</sup> lede,  
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentele <sup>15</sup> in his weede,  
 Longe breifful <sup>16</sup> of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer <sup>17</sup> flie? 20  
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed <sup>18</sup> face, his sprighte there scanne;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd <sup>19</sup>, deade!

<sup>10</sup> Arose.    <sup>11</sup> hiding, shrouding.    <sup>12</sup> at once.    <sup>13</sup> beauteous.  
<sup>14</sup> It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.    <sup>15</sup> beggarly.  
<sup>16</sup> filled with.    <sup>17</sup> beggar.    <sup>18</sup> clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*.    <sup>19</sup> dry, sapless.

Haste to thie church-glebe-house <sup>20</sup>, afshrewed <sup>21</sup>  
manne!

Haste to thie kiste <sup>22</sup>, thie onlie dortoure <sup>23</sup> bedde. 25

Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;

Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;

The forswat <sup>24</sup> meadows smethe <sup>25</sup>, and drenche <sup>26</sup> the  
raine; 30

The comyng ghaftnes do the cattle pall <sup>27</sup>,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;

Dafhde from the cloudes the waters flott <sup>28</sup> againe;

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne <sup>29</sup> flies; 35

And the hot fierie smothe <sup>30</sup> in the wide lowings <sup>31</sup>  
dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge <sup>32</sup> found

Cheves <sup>33</sup> flowlie on, and then embollen <sup>34</sup> clangs,

<sup>20</sup> The grave.

<sup>21</sup> accursed, unfortunate.

<sup>22</sup> coffin.

<sup>23</sup> a sleeping room.

<sup>24</sup> sun-burnt.

<sup>25</sup> smoke.

<sup>26</sup> drink.

<sup>27</sup> *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.

<sup>28</sup> fly.

<sup>29</sup> lightning.

<sup>30</sup> steam, or vapours.

<sup>31</sup> flames.

<sup>32</sup> noisy.

<sup>33</sup> moves.

<sup>34</sup> swelled, strengthened.

Shakes the hie spyre, and lofft, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard <sup>35</sup> eare of terroure hanges ;  
 'The windes are up ; the lofty elmen fwanges ; 40  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are brafte <sup>36</sup> attenes in stonen  
 flowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;  
 His chapournette <sup>37</sup> was drented with the reine, 45  
 And his pencte <sup>38</sup> gyrdle met with mickle shame ;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll <sup>39</sup> at the same ;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist <sup>40</sup> almes craver neere to the holme to  
 bide.

His cope <sup>41</sup> was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne ;  
 His autremete <sup>42</sup> was edged with golden twynne,

<sup>35</sup> Frighted.    <sup>36</sup> burst.    <sup>37</sup> a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.  
<sup>38</sup> painted.    <sup>39</sup> He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify cursing.    <sup>40</sup> poor, needy.    <sup>41</sup> a cloke.    <sup>42</sup> a loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And his shoone pyke a loverds <sup>43</sup> mighte have binne ;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne :  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55  
 For the horse-millanare <sup>44</sup> his head with roses dighte.

An almes, fir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim faide,  
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ; 60  
 Helpless and ould am I alas ! and poor ;  
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;  
 This is no season almes and prayers to give ; 65  
 Mie porter never lets a faitour <sup>45</sup> in ;  
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.  
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did  
 stryve,  
 And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and estsoones roadde  
 awaie. 70

<sup>43</sup> A lord.    <sup>44</sup> I believe this trade is still in being, though but  
 eldcom employed.    <sup>45</sup> a beggar, or vagabond.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;  
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was feen ;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;  
 His cope and jape <sup>46</sup> were graie, and eke were clene ;  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ; 75  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade, 80  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline <sup>47</sup> shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe <sup>48</sup> thie care ;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete <sup>49</sup> of oure owne we  
 bare.

But ah ! unhailie <sup>50</sup> pilgrim, lerne of me, 85  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here take my femcope <sup>51</sup>, thou arte bare I see ;

<sup>46</sup> A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests.    <sup>47</sup> joy.    <sup>48</sup> ease.    <sup>49</sup> nought.    <sup>50</sup> unhappy.

<sup>51</sup> a short under-cloke.



Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure <sup>52</sup>,  
Or give the mittee <sup>53</sup> will, or give the gode man power.

<sup>52</sup> Glory.

<sup>53</sup> mighty, rich.

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[Nº 1.]

**O** CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,  
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte  
 In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,  
 Al fleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
 O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5  
 Han anie fructuous entendement,  
 Thou wouldst have rose and fank wyth tydes of bloude,  
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;  
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,  
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,  
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15  
 From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;  
 Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre  
 Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.  
 Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,  
 And fcond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,  
 And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,  
 Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
 Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.  
 As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25  
 Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,  
 Theie rend the erthe, and travellys affryghte,  
 Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;  
 Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,  
 The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;  
 My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;  
 Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
 Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.  
 Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35  
 Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.

Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,  
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did saie;  
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;  
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,  
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.  
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45  
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;  
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;  
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.  
 The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;  
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;  
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,  
 The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,  
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55  
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;  
 The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,  
 And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;  
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;  
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.

Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende sleyme piteouslie, 65  
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,  
And theie together bothe han bin ybred :

O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayfde a flame,  
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,  
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,  
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
Han by his foundyng arrowe-lede bene sleyme.  
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75

Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest ;  
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,  
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste :

So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white,

Blown in the mornyng, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,  
 That in his tender guttes it entered,  
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,  
 And downe with flaiten noyse he funken dede.  
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,  
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,  
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,  
 That Alured could not hymself aluste.

85

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,  
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,  
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;  
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,  
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95  
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,  
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
 Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,  
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they  
 came.

100

Duke

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ftrynge,  
 An arrowe withe a fylver-hede drewe he ;  
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd fynge,  
 And hytt the horfe Toffelyn on the knee.  
 At this brave Tofslyn threwe his fhort horfe-fpeare ; 105  
 Duke Wyllyam ftooped to avoyde the blowe ;  
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,  
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow :  
 Upon his helme foe furious was the ftroke,  
 It fplete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn fplete in tweine,  
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,  
 But on Deftoutvilles fhoulder came ameine,  
 And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.  
 Then Doullie myghte his boweftrynge drewe, 115  
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,  
 But Harolde's afenglave ftopp'd it as it flewe,  
 And it fell bootlefs on the bloudie grounde.  
 Siere Doullie, when he fawe hys venge thus broke,  
 Death-doynge blade from out the fcabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde on everych fyde,  
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave ;

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,  
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.  
 So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde, 125  
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne ;  
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,  
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the funne ;  
 And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,  
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bed. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,  
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,  
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,  
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre ;  
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135  
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe ;  
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,  
 O Chryste ! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.  
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,  
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love ;  
 In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,  
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove ;  
 And



# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145  
 Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,  
 To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,  
 In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;  
 And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,  
 To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set  
 Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;  
 In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,  
 And from his courser down he tumbled dede.  
 So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155  
 Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,  
 Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
 And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;  
 But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,  
 He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
 Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,  
 And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
 And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
 Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165  
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,  
 And

And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,  
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe;  
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,  
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,  
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,  
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
 And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.  
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175  
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange  
 That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,  
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
 The strongeand firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
 And in the battel he much goode han done;  
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185  
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;  
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:

True

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,  
So true he guarded Harold hys good kyng. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,  
He from Kyng Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,  
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.

And then retretd for to garde his kyng, 195

On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;  
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;

The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,  
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.

This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205

Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;  
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,  
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;

And like a useleis weede amonge the haie  
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kyng Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,  
 And ferlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;  
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,  
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too, 215  
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,  
 Kyng Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,  
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;  
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,  
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge  
 speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes  
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,  
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,  
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft ;  
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225  
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,  
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,  
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;  
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,  
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
 To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;  
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,  
 The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.

Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235

Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;  
 But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;  
 He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,

And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fiercely thro' the fyghte,

To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;

Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?

I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.

Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245

I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;

Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,

And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,

Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,

It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;

He turned aboute and vilely souden fle;

But

But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,  
 He rolled on the ground and soon dyd die.  
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255  
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,  
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear  
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.  
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's fyde,  
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote  
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;  
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!  
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.  
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265  
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;  
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,  
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;  
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,  
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,  
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,  
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,  
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275

And was demasing howe to take his life,

When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde

Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;

Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,

The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits fle;

And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,

Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.

He held hys trustie swerd against his breste, 285

And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;

And both together then did take their reste,

Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;

And both together soughte the unknown shore,

Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,

And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,

Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to fle,

His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;

And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295

And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

Mean

Mean while the other erlies on the playne,  
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,  
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode ;  
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,  
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude ;  
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305  
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,  
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,  
 Wreck'd all hys shyppying on the Brittish coaste,  
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,  
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)  
 The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,  
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.  
 Tho' Chryftians, styllle they thoghte mouche of the  
 pile, 315  
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede ;

'Twas



'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle  
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;  
 O Hengist ! han thy-cause bin good and true,  
 Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,  
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine ;  
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree  
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :  
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325  
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;  
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,  
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :  
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude  
 Of fodayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple  
 bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,  
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;  
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.  
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335  
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

But better han it bin to lett alone,  
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;  
     The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,  
     Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.     340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,  
 Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte;  
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.  
 Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe,     345  
 'The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;  
 And at eche other vengoussie they flewe,  
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;  
     Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,  
     Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.     350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,  
 Thatt splytte estfoons his cristed helm in twayne;  
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,  
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.  
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe     355  
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;  
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,  
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste

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Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;  
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke  
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;  
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365  
Upon Chatillion's soulles corse of claie;  
A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine;  
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;  
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,  
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,  
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;  
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
To his dethe-doyng sward his life did yeeld;  
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375  
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;  
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
And at his pole came out with horrid payne,  
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,  
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire  
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;  
Quod he ; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,  
But I will be revenged for the fame.  
Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte, 385  
And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode ;  
Quod he ; theſe offals are for ever curſt,  
Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.  
Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,  
Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon  
bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,  
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!  
But now I must do somethyng more than sighe;  
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.  
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte; 495  
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;  
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,  
And out the crymson streame of bloude 'gan flowe.  
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,  
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the  
weir. 400  
The

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,  
 And with the other he his launce besped ;  
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.  
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede ;  
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405  
 But peerc'd his shoulde, ghastlie wounde inferne,  
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,  
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.  
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,  
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse  
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore ;  
 And now eletten on another horse,  
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
 The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415  
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene ;  
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
 As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.  
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie sett,  
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;  
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
 The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
 Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425  
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;  
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;  
     Close by the Norman champyons he han fleine,  
     He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the  
         pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,  
 A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,  
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie dufte;  
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.  
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435  
 He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;  
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
 And after it a crymson fterne of bloude:  
     In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,  
     While life and dethe strove for the masterrie, 440  
He

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,  
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.  
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did aduance,  
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;  
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445  
 Eftsoons his trustie fwerde he forthwyth drewe,  
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
 That foule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.  
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
 Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;  
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,  
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.  
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455  
 With horsemens haste he from the armie rodde;  
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,  
 Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;  
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,  
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,  
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;  
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;  
 And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.  
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,      465  
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte;  
 His sheelde of wolf-skinne did him not attend,  
 The arrow peered into his noble harte;  
     As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
     Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.      470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,  
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.  
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475  
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
 All living creatures flie far from their syghte,  
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen;  
     For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
     Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.      480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;

And



And left behynde their bowe and afenglave,  
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.  
 His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte; 485  
 A wolf skyn girded round his myddle was;  
 A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
 Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:  
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,  
 Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweste legges he wore  
 A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;  
 A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;  
 His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.  
 They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495  
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;  
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;  
 He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.  
 His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,  
 In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,  
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt's waie;  
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,  
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,      505  
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;  
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,  
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;  
     As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,  
     To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.      510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,  
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;  
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,  
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.  
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,      515  
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;  
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;  
     And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
     Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.      520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,  
 They turned about, eftsoons upom hym lept,  
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.  
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,      525  
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And

And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier,  
 His vifage was turned round unto his backe.  
 Backe to his harte retyr'd the ufelefs gore,  
 And felle upon the pleine to rife no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,  
 And broke his helm and feiz'd hym bie the throte :  
 Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
 That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.  
 In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ftronge, 535  
 And from their fockets fstarted out his eyes ;  
 And from his mouthe came out his blamelefs tonge ;  
 And bothe in peyne and anguiſhe eftſoon dies.  
 As ſome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
 Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore  
 laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came  
 Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to aſſiſt ;  
 A myghtie ſiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
 An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel liſt.  
 Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545  
 And Ethelbert at Walleris ſet his ;

And

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,  
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss :

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,  
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass ;  
The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,  
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grafs.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,  
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,  
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,

555

Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :

Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,  
A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave !

560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,  
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;

Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :

There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

\* \* \* \* \*

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N<sup>o</sup> 2.]

**O**H Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe to  
 pryze,  
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,      5  
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,  
 With look adigne the worlde belowe furveies,  
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;  
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,  
 She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and  
 pryde.      10

With ale and vernage drunk his fouldiers lay;  
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

Sad

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !

This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !

Thro' everie troope diforder reer'd her hedde ; 15

Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme ;

Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,

All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and  
praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stooode arounde ;

Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,

And searh how farre our foeman's campe doth  
bound ;

Yourself have rede ; I nede to saie ne more.

My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25

My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,

Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,

And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.

He saide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,

Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,

And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,

When

When the dyre clatteryng of the shielde and launce  
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.

He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35

Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;

Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;

The proto-flene manne of the fiede he felle ;

Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,

Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth

pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-songe came,

Roufd from their praiers by the flotting crie ;

Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,

Not once theie stooode abashd, or thoghte to flie.

He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45

Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,

That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie ;

\* Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne ;

So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,

And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone

lowe. 50

\* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe so fierce that it threw  
a stone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this  
leste out o line.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;  
 Let none edraw his arcublafter bowe.  
 Girthed cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the fame,  
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.  
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye fo 55  
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?  
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,  
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;  
 Here singe onlie these to all thie crewe  
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;  
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;  
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65  
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;  
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,  
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.  
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English  
 ground.

70

Erle



Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,  
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the ground; ;  
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr  
 last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75  
 Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;  
 When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd  
 found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre  
 In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,  
 Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfsins rore,  
 That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,  
 He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85  
 Gripes faste hys burled croke, and fore adradde  
 Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,  
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;  
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfsins tear the skies. 90

R

Such

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine ;  
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line ;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-  
     spear shine ; 95  
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde ;  
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne desygne,  
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde ;  
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde ;  
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the  
     founde. 100

Thus Leofwine ; O women cas'd in stele !  
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede  
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,  
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede ?  
 Whylist yet the worlde was wondrynge at the  
     deede. 105

You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.  
 Oh shame ! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande !

He

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.  
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,  
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.  
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115  
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;  
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,  
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;  
And let the Londoners and Sufflers plie  
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,  
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,  
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;  
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125  
Soone linked man to man the champyones stode;  
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,  
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,  
 And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand  
       fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
 This funnes aunture be felt for years to come;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.  
 Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135  
 From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaf'd,  
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,  
 Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waffe;  
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
 Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
 And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
 Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145  
 And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,  
 Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?  
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

When Toftus fent me golde and fylver ftore,  
I fcornd hys prefent vile, and fcorn'd hys treason  
more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd ;  
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true ?  
Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.  
Girthe faide, with looke adigne ; my lord, I doe.  
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe ; 155  
By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.  
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myftell them fo,  
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
Quod Girthe ; why will ye then provoke theyr hate ?  
Quod Harolde ; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 160

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,  
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.  
Firft did a ranke of arcublaftries ftande,  
Next thofe on horfebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,  
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165  
Theyr afenglave acroffe theyr hories ty'd,  
Or with the loverds fquier behinde dyd goe,  
Or waited fquier lyke at the hories fyde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,  
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of these three to take ;  
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.  
He saide ; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175  
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear ;  
Who said ; tell thou the duke, at his likand  
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,  
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie  
fyghte. 180

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,  
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,  
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,  
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.  
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185  
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,  
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize  
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,  
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted  
heaven. 190

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,  
In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,  
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,  
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,  
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of  
lyght; 195  
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,  
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;  
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,  
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,  
Whole woods and forefts nod, and ryvers change theyr  
course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,  
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;  
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,  
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.  
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205  
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,  
 More **feerce** than fallynge rocks, more swefte than  
 wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,  
 One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr **eyen on**  
 fyre.

210

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,  
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
 Fied with her rosie radiance to the West :  
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes  
 Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes: 215  
 The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,  
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie :  
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
 And kept his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome  
 raye.

220

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majesttic rayfd  
 His mightie arme, **deckt with** a manchyn rare ;  
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,  
 Then furyouse sent it whyftlynge thro the ayre.

It



BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225  
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;  
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;  
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne ;  
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes songe  
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full  
stronge,  
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floc ;  
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235  
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;  
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde ;  
The Normannes, like theyr fovrin, dyd prepare,  
And shotte ten thousande flocs upryfynge in the aire. 240

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie  
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,  
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

Soon

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,      245  
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende ;  
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie ;  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend :  
 So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,  
 And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or  
                  helle.      250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste ;  
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,      255  
 Throw the joint cuish he dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele ;  
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,  
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeches re-  
                  payre.      260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,  
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,  
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 265  
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude ;  
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,  
And alwaies followed by a purple floude ;  
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,  
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd  
end. 270

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande ;  
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire ;  
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande  
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer ;  
Itte whyzzd a ghaftlie dynne in Normannes ear, 275  
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte ;  
Ah ! what awayld the lyons on his creste !  
His hatchments rare with him upon the ground was  
prest. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,  
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,  
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 285  
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;  
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;  
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,  
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges  
 torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,  
 He drew his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;  
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295  
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,  
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;  
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seiur de Roe,  
 And brasste his sylver helme, so furyous was the  
 blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,  
 And feared muche how farre his bronde might goe,  
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate  
 From twangyng iron sente the fleetyng floe.

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305  
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,  
 The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Wilyams bowe  
 Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste ;  
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,  
 He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of  
 fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee  
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle ;  
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,  
 Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call ;  
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 315  
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte ;  
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,  
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte :  
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,  
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale  
 wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force ;  
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe ;  
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,  
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle ;

Into

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle; 325  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;  
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;  
 In scarlet was his cuiſhe of sylver dyde:  
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,  
 Whylst hys longe ſheelde dyd gleem with the ſun's ryſing  
 ray. 330

Next Feſcampe felle; O Chrieſte, howe harde his fate  
 To die the leckedſt knyghte of all the thronge!  
 His ſprite was made of malice deſlavate,  
 Ne ſhoulden find a place in anie ſonge.  
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde fo  
 ſtronge 335  
 As thine came thundrynge on his cryſted beave;  
 Ah! neete avayld the braſs or iron thonge,  
 With mightie force his ſkulle in twoe dyd cleave;  
 Fallyng he ſhooken out his ſmokyng braine,  
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the  
 playne. 340

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and ſkilfulle lore  
 Preſerve thee from the doom of Alfwold's ſpeare;  
 Couldſt

Couldſte thou not kenne, moſt ſkyll'd After la goure,  
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345

From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,  
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,  
It gave thee death and everlaſtynge fame;

Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,  
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,  
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preſte,  
His foule and bloude came rouſhyng from the  
wounde;

He clod his eyen, and opd them with the bleſt.  
It can ne be I ſhould behight the reſt, 355

That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,  
Paſte bie a penne to be counte or expreſte,  
How manie Alfwolde ſent to heaven or helle;

As leaves from trees ſhook by derne Autumns hand,  
So laie the Normannes ſlain by Alfwold on the ſtrand. 360

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles  
Affayle ſome flocke, ne care if ſhepſter ken't,

Befpreng

Besprenged destructione oer the woodes and delles ;  
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement ;  
 So foughte the Brystowe menne ; ne one crevent, 365  
 Ne onne abasht enthoughten for to flee ;  
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,  
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee ;  
 In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled ;  
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not  
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne ;  
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to syng them all,  
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne ;  
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 375  
 O Truthe ! for good of after-tymes relate,  
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve  
 agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate ;  
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,  
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire  
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose



Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,  
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;  
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne, 385  
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;  
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,  
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;  
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
 His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;  
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,  
 Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;  
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395  
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,  
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,  
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge  
 skyne, 405  
 Or Phœbus ryfinge in a frostie morne,  
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-braſte brooklettes gently whysprynge in the  
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the ſhelle,  
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell  
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.  
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415  
 Of Phebus charyotte rolynge thro the ſkie,  
 Greie as the ſteel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,  
 So greie appeard her featly ſparklyng eye;  
 Thoſe eyne, that did oft mickle pleaſed look  
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday  
 book. 420

Majeſtic as the grove of okes that ſtoode  
 Before the abbie buylt by Ofwald kynge;

Majeſtic

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
 Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;  
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 425  
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;  
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,  
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;  
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;  
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,  
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.  
 As skylful mynemenne by the stons above 435  
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
 Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind  
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-  
 fin'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,  
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,

That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame  
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kyng?  
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe445  
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,  
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;  
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he  
       delte. 450

As when a wolfsyn gettrynge in the meedes  
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,  
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;  
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie, 455  
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,  
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,  
 Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;  
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,  
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide  
       lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,  
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,  
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.  
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465  
 He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaſte;  
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,  
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;  
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,  
 Stretched in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he  
 laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn ſeerce,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.  
 But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475  
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng from the blowe.  
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie ſire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,  
 Advauuncyd forward to provoke the darte,

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere  
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 485

Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse ;

But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,

So it came down upon Troyvillains horse ;

Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe ;

Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde  
doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,

Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,

Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.

Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde, 495

Besprenge his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,

Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,

He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde

The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie fyghte !

He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,

A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng stryng,

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,  
 For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,  
 He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 505  
 An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,  
 Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
 Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,  
 With mighte that none but such grete championes  
 know;  
 Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
 Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;  
 His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 515  
 Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;  
 From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,  
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
 Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,  
 Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

## CONTINUED.

Where fruytleſſ heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,  
 Save where derne hawthornes reare their humble  
 heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie  
 Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym ſpredde,  
 The diſtaunte citie ſcantlie to be ſpedde, 525  
 The curlyngé force of ſmoke he fees in vayne,  
 Tis too far diſtaunte, and hys onlie bedde  
 Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,  
 Whylſte rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,  
 And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie  
 bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes ſtandes,  
 Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,  
 It ne could be the worke of human handes,  
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.

Here did the Brutons adoration paye 535  
 To the falſe god whom they did Tauran name,

Dightynge



Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,  
 Roastyng thei vyctualle round aboute the flamè,  
 'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,  
 As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,  
 That lyftes yts scheafte heade ynto the skies,  
 And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.  
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse, 545  
 Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,  
 A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,  
 In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;  
 Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande  
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,  
 The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande  
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;  
 Alle the whole fiede a carnage-howe he sees, 555  
 And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;  
 From place to place on either hand he flees,  
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a brondded floude;  
 Dethe

Dethe honge upon his arme ; he flect so maynt,  
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne  
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,  
 Vewingge the swarthless bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.  
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565  
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
 The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,  
 And dyd disfygure all hys femmlikeen ;  
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,  
 In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wylllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman  
 knyghte,  
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte  
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,  
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 575  
 Orre Cornysh wraflers at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyue,  
 To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxannes came ;  
 There

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre  
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoer thie spryte dothe haunte,  
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,  
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke  
chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,  
Or rowle in ferfelie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 585  
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme  
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,  
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,  
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
Seiz'd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;  
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,  
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595  
Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,  
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 600

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,  
On whyche the funne his visage did agleemie,  
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,  
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;  
Alonge the fiede it made an horrid cleembe, 605  
Coupeynge Kyng Harold's payncted sheeld in twayne,  
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,  
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;  
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the  
grounde. 610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente  
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;  
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente  
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;  
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 615  
With fraught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,  
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes  
divide,  
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;

So olyphautes, in kingdome of the sunne,  
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes  
runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,  
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,  
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,  
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,  
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 625  
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm  
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize  
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,  
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne  
knyghte  
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,  
When yt is cale and blustryng wyndes do blowe,  
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,  
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,  
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635  
Throwe the quyk torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sandes belowe  
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatyng wave,  
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne  
 In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;  
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;  
 Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,  
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.  
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645  
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?  
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,  
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?  
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's  
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,  
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,  
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:  
 So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will flee, 655  
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,  
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;  
 Thus stooode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,  
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,  
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,  
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
 Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;  
 Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 665  
 Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;  
 Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
 And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;  
 Hee graspd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,  
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle  
 The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;  
 It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;  
 Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame;  
 Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675  
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

A tyde

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,  
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;  
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle  
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle, 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman ranks dyvide;  
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
 Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade fyde,  
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
 Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685  
 And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;  
 So straught upon the playne the Norman he

\* \* \* \* \*

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes  
 astound

To see the bawfin champyon preste upon the grounde. 690

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,  
 And thunders ugsum on the sandes below,  
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,  
 And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;  
 So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 695  
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech fyde,

Betreinted



Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,  
 And seemd to swimme alonge with bloudie tyde;  
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,  
 And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,  
 Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,  
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,  
 Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte.  
 Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705  
 As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,  
 Then upwarde wente: in everlastyng nyghte  
 Hee closd hys rolling and dymfyghted eyne.  
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
 Bie various causes funken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,  
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,  
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente  
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;  
 But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 715  
 Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouffie,  
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,  
 Then soone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne,  
 And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

720

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

## ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

**A**S onn a hylle one eve fittyng,  
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,  
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,  
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;  
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5  
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;  
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte  
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.  
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;  
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10  
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,  
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;  
 And eke another in the Towne,  
 Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun.  
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15  
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.  
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,  
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

## O N T H E S A M E.

**S**TAY, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,  
Until this fetive pile aftounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,  
And okes with okes entremed difponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5

Fyre-levyn and the mokie ftorme defie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou feeft this mayftrie of a human hand,

The pride of Bryftowe and the Wefterne lande, 10

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou feeft the faynctes and kynges in ftonen ftate,

That feemd with breath and human foule difpande,

As

As payrde to us enseem these men of slate, 15  
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God  
elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;  
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;  
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20  
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;  
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;  
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and  
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

**T**HYS mornynge starre of Radcleves ryfynge  
raie,  
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,  
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,  
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte,  
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;  
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;  
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the  
 folle,  
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys  
 dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**A** NENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
 Lifesteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,  
 Myndeinge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,  
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,  
 At dystaunt ryfying Avonne to he sped, 5  
 Amenged wyth ryfying hylles dyd shewe yts head ;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of ofyer weedes  
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,  
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde agedsted reedes,  
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10  
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte  
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,  
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15  
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,  
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte  
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20  
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,  
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore ;  
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25  
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?  
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie  
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie ;  
Thie actes foe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :  
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35  
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,  
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,  
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,  
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ; 40  
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,  
 The damoiselle dyd come foe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,  
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45  
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;  
 Naked she was, and loked swete of youthe,  
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trout he.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre  
 What ne a manne should see dyd fwotelie hyde, 50  
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre  
 Dyd shoue lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,  
 Or



THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,  
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aftounded mickle there I sylente laie, 55  
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;  
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;  
But was ne forltraughte whan shee dyd alyghte  
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,  
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;  
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,  
Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins anete;  
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65  
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace  
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;  
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,  
Falso oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70  
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,  
Tho she strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee

Shee fayd ; mie manner of appereynge here  
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;  
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven were, 75  
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,  
 Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80  
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,  
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne  
 What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85  
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,  
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,  
 So, fenses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie ;  
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
 And all the scroll of Fate unravelled ;  
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95  
 I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,  
 In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
 I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie ;  
 He ate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake. 100  
 As wise as anie of the eldermenne,  
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,  
 So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore ;  
 Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee, 105  
 Greete yn hys counsel for the daies he bore.  
 All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym syng,  
 Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreasynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,  
 And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven, 110  
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,  
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

Hee

Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede,  
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jefus rest hys foule !) 115  
Who loved money, as hys charie joie ;  
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole !)  
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie ;  
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte  
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte ? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,  
And hoardes of fylver rousted yn the ent,  
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,  
To change of troulie love was theyr content ;  
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125  
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But foone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,  
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,  
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.  
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre foules, 130  
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,  
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;  
 Hys dame, hys seconde felfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
 Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte, 135  
 And flect good Canynge; sad myftake of dethe!  
 Soe have I feen a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
 Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,  
 Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140  
 Was to my bismarde eyne-fyghte newlie giv'n;  
 'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
 You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see  
 Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule 145  
 Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;  
 I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;  
 Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.  
 Thys ys the manne of menne, the vison spoke;  
 Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke. 150

## ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**M**AIE Selyneffe on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?  
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
 Does yt agrofed shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,  
 To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thyne,  
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

## ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

**J**OHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;  
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie  
 worke.

THE

## THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

**M**IE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte  
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,  
 Ne moe the fylver noble sheenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;  
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs! I call you myne: 5  
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?  
 I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;  
 I muste be gone, botte whare I dare ne telle;  
 O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,  
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;  
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,  
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte asleme;  
 Thye los, or quycke or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15  
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrafe;  
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;  
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES  
FEAST.

**T**HOROWE the halle the belle han founde;  
Byelecoyle doe the Grave befeeme;  
The ealdermenne doe fyttre arounde,  
Ande fnoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.  
Lyche affes wylde ynne defarte waste  
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,  
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;  
Heie styll the guesstes ha ne to faie,  
Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aslape.  
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,  
Gyf Rowley, Ifcamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne feene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS-







# A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

**I***N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.*

# EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	— —	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	— —	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	— —	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the thirde,</i>	— —	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Juga,</i>	— —	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entreductionne to Ælla,</i>	— —	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	— —	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn; a Tragedie,</i>	— —	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	— —	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosts,</i>	— —	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	— —	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	— —	28

The other references are made to the pages.

## A G L O S S A R Y.

- A** BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.  
 Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.  
 Abounde, H. I. 55.  
 Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.  
 Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.  
 Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.  
 Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.  
 Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.  
 Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.  
 Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*. C.  
 Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.  
 Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.  
 Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.  
 Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.  
 Adave, H. 2. 402.  
 Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.  
 Addawd, H. 2. 110.  
 Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.  
 Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.  
 Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dernie*.  
 Adigne. See *Adygne*.  
 Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.  
 Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.  
 Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.  
 Affynd, H. I. 132. *Related by marriage*.  
 Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.  
 After la goure, H. 2. 353. should probably be *Astrelagour*; Astrologer.  
 Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.  
 Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—  
 G. 5. *Grievance*. C.  
 Agrosed, p. 286. 6. as *Agrised*; terrified.  
 Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.  
 Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.  
 Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.  
 Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.  
 Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.  
 Alatche, Æ. 117.  
 Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.  
 Alest, Æ. 50. *Left*.  
 All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of asking a favour*. C.  
 Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.  
 Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.  
 Aluste, H. I. 83.  
 Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.  
 U 2 Alyse,

- Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.  
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.  
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.  
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*  
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;  
     mixed.  
 Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*  
     C.  
 Amield; T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-*  
     *meled.* C.  
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.  
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.  
 Anete, p. 281. 64.  
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.  
 Anlace; G. 57. *An ancient sword.*  
     C.  
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*  
 Applings; E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.*  
     C.  
 Arace, G. 156. *Direst.* C.  
 Arist, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.  
 Arrowe-lede, H. I. 74.  
 Aseauunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*  
     C.  
 Afenglave, H. I. 117.  
 Askaunted, Le. 19.  
 Ailee, Æ. 504.  
 Affeled, E. III. 14. *Answered.* C.  
 Asshrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-*  
     *fortunate.* C.  
 Affwaie, Æ. 352.  
 Astedde, E. II. 11. *Scated.* C.  
 Astende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.  
 Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.  
 Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished.* C.
- Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish.* C.  
 Asyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Astyde*;  
     ascended:  
 Athur, H. 2. 476. as *Thurgh*;  
     thorough.  
 Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.  
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.  
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*  
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Edu.* Fr.  
     Water.  
 Atimere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or*  
     *mantle.* C.  
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of*  
     *gold and silver, &c.* C.  
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-*  
     *ture*; adventure.  
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white*  
     *robe, worn by priests.* C.  
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.  
 Ayneward, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*  
     C.

## B.

- Banks, T. 3. *Benches.*  
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.  
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with*  
     *armour.*  
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*  
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or*  
     *ballad.* C.  
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292.  
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.*  
     Fr.

Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.  
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly*. C.  
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring*. C.  
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.  
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels*. C.  
 Bawlin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.  
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.  
 Beheste, G. 60. *Command*. C.  
 Behight, H. 2. 365.  
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.  
 Belent, H. 2. 121.  
 Beme, Æ. 553. *Trumpet*.  
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.  
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented*. C.  
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving*. C.  
 Bercie, p. 278. 8.  
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child*. C.  
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.  
 Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.  
 Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered*. C.  
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3.  
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.  
 Bested, H. 2. 140.  
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.  
 Bestreyns, H. 2. 644.  
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.  
 Betraffed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.  
 Betraite, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed*. C.  
 Betreinted, H. 2. 707.  
 Bevyle, E. II. 57. *Break*. A be-  
 zald term, signifying a spear  
 broken in tilting. C.  
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.  
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.  
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.  
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, ex-  
 pressed*. C.  
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.  
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring*.  
 C.  
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels*. C.  
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or  
 covering for the back part of  
 the head*. C.  
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.  
 Blake, Æ. 178, 407. *Naked*. C.  
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original*.  
 C.  
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.  
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.  
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.  
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.  
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed*. C.  
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease*. C.  
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*.  
 C.  
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, sub-  
 stance*. C.  
 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.  
 Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33.  
*Different kinds of boats*. C.  
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.  
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.  
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.  
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*.  
 C.  
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.  
 U 3                      Bounde,

Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.

Bourne, Æ. 483.

Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.

Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.

*Body*. C.

Brafteth, G. 123. *Burfteth*. C.

Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.

Brayde, Æ. 1010.

Breme, subst. G. 12. *Strength*. C.

——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.

Brende, G. 50. *Burn, consume*. C.

Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.

Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.

Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.

Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.

Brynnying, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.

Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.

Burlic bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.  
C.

Byelccoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*.

Fr. the name of a personage  
in the *Roman de la Rose*,  
which Chaucer has rendered  
*Fair-welcoming*.

Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.

Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.

Bysmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. C.

Bysmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiously*. C.

C.

Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.

Calke, G. 25. *Caff*. C.

Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out*. C.

Calkysning, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.

Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones*.  
Brit.

Castle-stede, G. 100. *A castle*. C.

Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.

Caytified, Æ. 32. *Binding, enforcing*. C.

Celnefs, Æ. 882.

Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.

Chaftes, G. 201. *Beats, stamps*. C.

Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Challenge*. C.

Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, sunburnt*. C.

Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A small round bat*. C.

Chefe, G. 11. *Heat, rashness*. C.

Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*.  
C.

Theorie, p. 288. 4.

Cherisaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.

Cherisaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps  
*Cherisaunced*.

Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.

Chevysed, Ent. 2. *Preserved*. C.

Chirkyng, M. 23. *A confused noise*. C.

Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24.  
*Grave*. C.

Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.

Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or clergyman*. C.

Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.

Clevis, H. 2. 46.

Cleyne,



- Cleyne, Æ. 1102.  
 Clinie, H. 1. 431.  
 Cloude-agedst, p. 278. 9.  
 Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noisy*. C.  
 Coistrell, H. 2. 88.  
 Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions*. C.  
 Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf*. C.  
 Contake, T. 87. *Dispute*. C.  
 Conteins, H. 1. 223. for *Contents*.  
 Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuse*; *contend with*. C.  
 Contekions, Æ. 558. *Contentions*. C.  
 Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke*. C.  
 Corven, Æ. 56. See *Tcorven*.  
 Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.  
 Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.  
 Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.  
 Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-courfers*. C.  
 Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy*. q?  
 Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward*. C.  
 Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recrcand*.  
 Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair*. C.  
 Croched, H. 2. 521. perhaps *Broched*.  
 Croche, v. G. 26. *Cross*. C.  
 Crockynge, Æ. 119. *Bending*.  
 Cross-stone, Æ. 1122. *Monument*. C.  
 Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry*. q?  
 Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-gate*. C.  
 Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer*. C.
- Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows*. C.  
 D.  
 Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endeavour*. C.  
 Declynie, H. 1. 161. *Declination*. q?  
 Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved*. C.  
 Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthy*. C.  
 Deere, E. III. 88. *Dir*. C.  
 Defs, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors*. C.  
 Defayte, G. 52. *Decay*. C.  
 Desie, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental*. C.  
 Deigned, E. III. 53. *Disdained*. C.  
 Delievretie, T. 44. *Activity*. C.  
 Demasing, H. 1. 276.  
 Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente*.  
 Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented*.  
 Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt*. C.—  
 M. 13. *Tremour*. C.  
 Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, destroy*. C.  
 Dequaced, p. 280. 38.  
 Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage*. C.  
 Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer*. q?  
 Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 532.  
 Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamentable*. C.  
 ——— M. 106. *Cruel*. C.  
 Deslavate, H. 2. 343.  
 Deslavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.

- Detratours, H. 2. 78.  
 Deyfde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis.*  
 Dheie; *They.*  
 Dhere, Æ. 192. *There.*  
 Dhereof; *Thereof.*  
 Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult.* C.  
 Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed.* C.  
 Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for  
     *Disponed.*  
 Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*  
 Divinistre, Æ. 141. *Divine.* C.  
 Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft; gentle.* C.  
 Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.  
 Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.  
 Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.  
 Donde, H. 1. 51.  
 Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should  
     probably be written thus;  
     *O sea-cortecming Dowor!*  
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*  
     C.  
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as  
     *Dighte.*  
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 491. *D'outre*  
     *mere.* Fr. From beyond sea.  
 Dree, Æ. 983.  
 Dreite, Æ. 466. *Leaf.* C.  
 Drented; G. 91. *Drained.* C.  
 Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned.* C.  
 Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-*  
     *ficant.* C.  
 Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.  
 Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.  
 Droke, Æ. 461.  
 Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's  
     note. *Druerie* is *Courtship,*  
     *gallantry.*  
 Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted.*  
 Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*  
 Durested, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.  
 Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be  
     *Dyght.*  
 Dygne, T. 89. *Worby.* C.  
 Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.  
 Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest.*  
     C.  
 Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.  
 Dysportisment, Æ. 250. as *Dys-*  
     *porte.*  
 Dyfregate, Æ. 542.  
     E.  
 Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw;*  
     *Draw.*  
 Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.  
 Eftfoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.  
 Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.  
 Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten.* C.  
 Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.  
 Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*  
     C.  
 Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout.*  
     C.  
 Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.  
 Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.  
 Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease.* C.  
     Emmers,

# A G L O S S A R Y,

Emmers, p. 287. 7.

Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.

C.

Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.

Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.

Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*.

C.

Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.

Enheedynge, p. 283. 105.

Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*.

C.

Enrone, Æ. 661.

Enseme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.

q?

Enseeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.

Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, darting*. C.

Enstrote, H. 2. 513.

Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?

Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows, sucks in*. C.

Ensyryke, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.

Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.

Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understanding*.

Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.

Entremed, p. 276. 4.

Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.

Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.

Estande, H. 2. 281. for *Ystande*; Stand.

Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of *Esloile*. Fr. A star. C.

Estroughted, Æ. 918.

Ethe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.

Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.

Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.

Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with evening dew*. C.

Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.

Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivious*.

Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.

## F.

Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.

Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.

Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or vagabond*. C.

Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool, or seat*. See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium*.

Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, innocent*.

Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.

Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.

Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.

Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. sing. q?

Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.

Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.

Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.

Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.

Feygues, E. III. 78. A corruption of *feints*. C.

Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.

Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.

Flaiten, H. 1. 84.

Flanched,

Flanché, H. 2. 252.  
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.  
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult.*  
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.  
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.  
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.  
 Foile, E. III. 73. *Baffle*. C.  
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*.  
 C.

Forgard, Æ. 565. *Loss*. C.  
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forfaken*. C.  
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.  
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.  
 Forslagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.  
 Forslege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.  
 Forsfraughte, p. 231. 58. *Dis-*  
*tracted*.  
 Forsfraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-*  
*ting*. C.  
 Forfwat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.  
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasling*. C.  
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.  
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.  
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.  
 Freme, Æ. 267.  
 Frustile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

## G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-*  
*mour*. C.  
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.  
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.  
 Gassinefs, Æ. 412. *Ghastlinefs*,

Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne fo  
 gayne a pryze. Gayne has  
 probably been repeated by  
 mistake.

Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-*  
*ment*.  
 Geafon, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C.—G.  
 120. *Extraordinary, strange*.  
 C.

Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier*.  
 Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite*.  
 Gemote, G. 94. *Assamble*. C.  
 Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, assem-*  
*bled*. C.  
 Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.  
 Gies, C. 207. *Guides*. C.  
 Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twist*.  
 Gif, E. II. 39. *If*. C.  
 Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.  
 Glair, H. 2. 580.  
 Gledcynge, M. 22. *Livid*. C.  
 Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.  
 Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-*  
*jected*. C.  
 Glytted, H. 2. 282.  
 Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.  
 Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.  
 Gouler, p. 282. 76.  
 Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*,  
 C.

Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pas-*  
*ture*. C.  
 Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.  
 Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate,*  
*mayor*.

Gravots,

- Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves*. C.  
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow*. C.  
 Groffile, Æ. 547.  
 Groffish, Æ. 257.  
 Groffyinglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.  
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor*. C.  
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor*, from  
*gron* a fen, and *fer*, a corrup-  
 tion of fire. C.  
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.  
 Grore, H. 2. 27.  
 Groted, E. 337. *Swollen*. C.  
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-  
 painted*. C.  
 Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained*.  
 C.  
 Gytteles, Æ. 438. *Mantels*. C.
- H.
- Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.  
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile*.  
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.  
 Hallie, T. 144. *Holy*. C.  
 Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholly*.  
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy*. C.  
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-  
 ed*. C.  
 Han, Æ. 734. *Hath*. q?  
 Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had*. particip.  
 q?—Æ. 685. *Had*. pa. t.  
 sing. q?  
 Hantoned, Æ. 1094.  
 Harried, M. 82. *Test*. C.  
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have*. 1st pers.  
 q?  
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.  
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-  
 ward*. C.  
 Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped close-  
 ly, covered*. C.  
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.  
 Heie, E. II. 15. *They*. C.  
 Heideyegnes, E. III. 77. *A coun-  
 try dance, still practised in the  
 North*. C.  
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.  
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.  
 Hem, T. 24. A contraction of  
*them*. C.  
 Hente, T. 175. *Grass, bold*. C.  
 Hentyll, Æ. 1161.  
 Herselle, Æ. 279. *Herself*.  
 Heite, Æ. 1182.  
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-  
 den*. C.  
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.  
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick  
 house*. C.  
 Holtred, Æ. 293.  
 Hommeur, Æ. 1190.  
 Hondepont, Æ. 273.  
 Hopelen, Æ. 399.  
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-  
 greeable*. C.  
 Horfe-millanar, Ch. 56. See C's  
 note.  
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow*. C.  
 Hulstred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.  
 Huscarles,

Hufcarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *House-servants.*

Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*.

Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif.

Ang. L. iv.

Hylle-tyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon.*

Hylte, T. 168. *Hid, secreted.* C.

—Æ. 1059. *Hide.* C.

## I.

Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.*  
C.

Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.

Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.

Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed,* C.

Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*

Impeftering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.*  
C.

Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.

Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.

Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.

Iwreene, p. 286. 9.

## K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.*  
C.

Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.

Keppend, Le. 44.

Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part.* C.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.

## L.

Ladden, H. 1. 206.

Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician.*

Leckedst, H. 2. 342.

Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.

Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.

Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.

Ledanne, Æ. 1143.

Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obsequence.*  
C.

Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.

Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.

Leggen, M. 92. *Lesson, alloy.* C.

Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.

Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*

Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.

Lemed, El. 7. *Glistered.* C.—  
Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.

Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 607. seems  
to be put for *Leather.*

Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.

Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.

Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-*  
*boding.* C.

Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.

Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.

Levynde, Fl. 18. *Blessed.* C.

Levynde,

- Levyne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C. Meeded, Æ. 39. *Rewarded*.  
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Light-* Memuine, H. 2. 120.  
*ning-melted*. q?  
 Lief, Æ. 217. q?  
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*. Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.  
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*.  
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*. C.  
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflec-*  
 Limmed, M. 90. } *ting*. C. Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.  
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C. Miesel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.  
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C. Miskynette, El. 22. *A small bag-*  
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C. *pipe*. C.  
 Loaste, Æ. 456. *Loss*. Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.  
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C. Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.  
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their* Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.  
*bind legs*. C. Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.  
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C. Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.  
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C. Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.  
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C. Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.  
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C. Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.  
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C. Morglaien, M. 20. *The name of a*  
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C. *sword in some old Romances*.  
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C. Morthe, Æ. 307.  
 Lyped, El. 34. Morthynge, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.  
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C. Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.  
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C. Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.  
 Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.  
 Myndbruch, Æ. 401.  
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.  
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mythic*. C.

M.

- Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.  
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.  
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many,*  
*great numbers*. C.  
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

N.

- Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.  
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Nigh*.

Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder*. C.

Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

## O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orreits, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

## P.

## P.

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Perfant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevyd, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. I. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,



## Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.Quaintified, T. 4. *Curiously de-  
vised*. C.Quand, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*.  
C.Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil  
one; the Devil*.

## R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.Recendize, Æ. 544. { for *Re-  
creandice*;  
Recrandize, Æ. 1193. { *Coward-  
ice*.Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.Reded, G. 79. *Counsell'd*. C.Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.70. *Esteem, favour*. C.Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*.  
C.Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*.  
C.Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Or-  
naments of ribbands*.Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, travel-  
ler*.Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

## S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

Sabbatanners, Æ. 275.

Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, spar-  
ingly*. C.Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Alfond*.Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck*.Seeled, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.Selynefs, E. 1. 55. *Happiness*. C.

Semblate, p. 281. 67.

Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-  
cloke*. C.

Semm-

- Semmiykeed, *Æ.* 298.  
 Semlykeene, *Æ.* 9. *Countenance.*  
*C.—G.* 56. *Beauty, countenance.* *C.*  
 Sendaument, *p.* 284. 126.  
 Sete, *Æ.* 1069. *Seat.*  
 Shappe, *T.* 36. *Fate.* *C.*  
 Shap-scurged, *Æ.* 603. *Fate-scourged.* *C.*  
 Shémring, *E.* II. 14. *Glimmering.* *C.*  
 Shente, *T.* 157. *Broke, destroyed.* *C.*  
 Shepen, *p.* 283. 97.  
 Shepftere, *E.* I. 6. *Shepherd.* *C.*  
 Shoone-pykes, *p.* 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes.* The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 *Edw.* 4. *c.* 5.  
 Shrove, *H.* 2. 442.  
 Sletre, *Æ.* 539. *Slaughter.*  
 Slughornes, *E.* II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy.*  
*C.—T.* 31. *A kind of clarion.* *C.*  
 Smethe, *T.* 101. *Smoke.* *C.*  
 Smething, *E.* I. 1. *Smoking.* *C.*  
 Smore, *H.* I. 412.  
 Smothe, *Ch.* 35. *Steam or vapours.* *C.*  
 Snett, *T.* 45. *Bent.* *C.*  
 Sorthen, *Æ.* 227. *Sooth.* *q?*  
 Souten, *H.* I. 252. for *Sought.* *pa.* *t.* *sing.* *q?*  
 Sparre, *H.* I. 26. *A wooden bar.*  
 Spedde, *H.* 2. 535.  
 Spencer, *T.* 11. *Dispenser.* *C.*  
 Spere, *Æ.* 69.  
 Spyryng, *Æ.* 707. *Towering.*  
 Staie, *H.* I. 198.  
 Starks, *T.* 73. *Stalks.*  
 Steeres, *p.* 25. 6. *Stairs.*  
 Stente, *T.* 134. *Stained.* *C.*  
 Steynced, *Æ.* 189.  
 Storthe, *p.* 287. 10.  
 Storven, *Æ.* 608. *Dead.* *C.*  
 Straughte, *Æ.* 59. *Stretched.* *C.*  
 Stret, *Æ.* 158. *Stretch.* *C.*  
 Strev, *Æ.* 358. *Strive.*  
 Stringe, *G.* 10. *Strong.* *C.*  
 Suffycyl, *Æ.* 62. 981.  
 Swarthe, *Æ.* 265.  
 Swarthcing, *Æ.* 295.  
 Swarthless, *H.* 2. 573.  
 Sweft-kervd, *E.* II. 20. *Short-liv'd.* *C.*  
 Swoltering, *Æ.* 444.  
 Swotie, *E.* II. 9. *Sweet.* *C.*  
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythyng; *Quickly.* *C.*  
 Syke, *E.* II. 6. *Such, so.* *C.*

T.

- Takelle, *T.* 72. *Arrow.* *C.*  
 Teint, *H.* I. 462. for *Tent.*  
 Tende, *T.* 113. *Attend, or wait.* *C.*

Tene,

Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow.*

Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully.*

C.

Tere, Æ. 46. *Health.* C.

Thighte, p. 283. 104.

Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for

*Thought.* pa. t. sing. q?

Thyssen, E. II. 87. *These, or those.*

q?

Tochelod, Æ. 205.

Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch.* C.

Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget;*

*Deceit.*

Treynted, Æ. 454.

Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked,*  
*pulled.* C.

Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck, or pull.*

C.

Tynge, Tyngue; *Tongue.*

## U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm.* C.

Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia.*

Ital. a sort of rich wine.

Ugsomeness, Æ. 507. *Terror.* C.

Ugsomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly.*

C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible.* C.

Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without*  
*any knell rung for them.* q?

Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.*

C.

Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.

Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.

Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccus-*  
*tomed.* C.

Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited.* C.

Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy.* C.

Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving.* C.

Unlist, E. III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.

Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned.* C.

Unlydgefull, Æ. 537.

Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ.

1238. *Explain.* C.

Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt.*

C.

Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls.*

C.

Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful, neg-*  
*lected.* C.

Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless.* C.

Unwere, E. III. 87. *Tempest.* C.

Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory, under-*  
*standing.* C.—G. 140. *Will.*  
C.

Upriste, Æ. 928. *Risen.* C.

Upryne, H. 2. 729.

Upfwalynge, Æ. 258. *Swelling.*  
C.

## W.

Walsome, H. 2. 92. *Walsome;*  
*loathsome.*

Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair.* C.

Wayld, Æ. 11. *Choice, selected.*

Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing.*  
C.

## X

Wayne

- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C.  
 Weere, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C.  
 Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C.  
 Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C.  
 Wiseegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C.  
 Wissen, Æ. 685. *Wish.*  
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C.  
 Withe, E. III. 36. *A contraction of Wither.* C.  
 Wolfome, Le. 5. *See Walsome.*  
 Wraytes. *See Reytes.*  
 Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C.  
 Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C.  
 Wychencref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.*  
 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* C.  
 Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C.  
 Wynnynge, Æ. 219.  
 Ycorne, Æ. 374.  
 Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.  
 Ycrafed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.  
 Yenne; *Then.*  
 Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*  
 Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*  
 Ygrove, H. 2. 444.  
 Yinder, Æ. 692. *Tonder.*  
 Yis; *This.*  
 Ylach'd, H. 2. 446.  
 Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Interr.* C.  
 Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless.*  
 Yreaden, H. 2. 217.  
 Yroughte, H. 2. 328. *for Ywroughte.*  
 Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched.* C.  
 Yspende, T. 179. *Consider.* C.  
 Ystorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.  
 Ytsel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*  
 Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.  
 Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.* C.  
 Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

## Y.

- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*  
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.  
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.  
 Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.  
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

## Z.

- Zabalus, Æ. 428. *as Sabalus; the Devil.*

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for Canterlone, r. Canterloue, or Canteloue.  
 72. ver. 49. ytts, r. yttselſ.  
 75. 1. cheriſaunei 'tys, r. cheriſaunce it ys.  
 80. 73. toe, r. doe.  
 100. 345. r. to be dyghte.  
 101. 367. feares, r. teares.  
 108. 442. Storven, r. Stroveu.  
 110. 486. be wreene, r. bewreen.  
 150. 770. ſythe, r. ſyke.  
 135. 839. cheriſaunnied, r. cheriſaunced.  
 149. 1008. Hallie, r. Hailie.  
 157. 1084. Bie thanks, r. Mie thanks.  
 167. 1197. ſythe, r. ſwythe.  
 210. O ſea! our teeming donore, r. O ſea-verteewing Dowor!  
 215. 104. r. horſe of Toſſelyn; or rather Joſſelyn.  
 224. 300. men in women's, r. women in men's.  
 255. 353. After la goure, r. Aſtrelagoure.  
 265. 548. vyctualle, r. vyctignes.

F I N I S.



## A P P E N D I X;

CONTAINING

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE  
LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY  
ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY  
BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,  
Sed sublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.

VIRGIL, Æ. X.





## A P P E N D I X, &amp;c.

**W**HEN these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *some observations upon THE LANGUAGE\* of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

\* I have chosen this *part* of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, considered with respect to their *significations* and *inflections*. A complete examination of this subject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding, I choose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one *postulatum*, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions\*.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be referred to three general heads; the *first* consisting of words

\* Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of *style* than of *language*. The *local situation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol.

not used by any other writer; the *second*, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the *first* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whylest the congeon flowrette *abessie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334.

Agykted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 402.

The fynest dame the fun or moone *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.

*Adented* prowess to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.

Leave me swythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

W<sup>h</sup>oe from the hail-stone coulede the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.

That Alured coude not hymself *aluste*.

11. ALYNE. T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*:

12. ALYSE. Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette share you shoulde to that *alyse*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wyll thee *alise*.

13. ANERE. Æ. 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe *anere*?

————— Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE. p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS. E. I. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodye trees.

16. ARROW-LEDE: H. 1. 74.

Han by his foundynge *arrowe-lede* bene fleyne,

17. ASENGLAVE. H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE. Æ. 504.

That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE. Æ. 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*

Moe torturyng peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE. G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.

I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

## 1. ABOUNDE. H. I. 55.

His cristede beaver dyd him finalle *abounde*.

The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

## 2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.

*Aledge*, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

## 3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41 — p. 23. l. 4.

*All-a-boon*, fyr Priest, *all-a-boon*.

Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

## 4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52:

Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for *alone*, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say—*my son alone* for *my only son*.

## 5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighboure greene.

The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways, obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the English language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

## 6. ASTERTE. G. 137.

————— You have theyr worthe *asterte*.

I despair of finding any authorized sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signify *neglected or passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

## 7. AUMERE. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.  
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose destre *aumere*.  
Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de soye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

## 8. BARBED.

## 8. BARBED. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horſe, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horſe* was a proper expreſſion, in the XV Century, for a *horſe covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* ſignified a *hall in which armour was hung*? or what other ſenſe can *barbde* have in this paſſage?

## 9. BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and ſonne-brente doe appere.

*Blake* ſtondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyſe.

*Blake*, in old Engliſh, may ſignifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both theſe paſſages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, ſome ſuch ſignification ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to make any ſenſe.

## 10. BODYKIN. Æ. 265.

And for a *bodykyn* a *ſwarthe* obteyne.

*Bodekin* is uſed by Chaucer more than once to ſignifie a *bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other ſignification in his time. *Swarthe*, uſed as a noun, has no ſenſe that I am acquainted with.

## 11. BORDEL. E. III. 2.—Æ. 147. BORDELIER. Æ. 410.

Goe ſerche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.

We wyll in a *bordelle* lyve.

Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though

Though *bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-house*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course *bysmare*.

*Bismare*, in Chaucer, signifies *abusive speech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, v. P G. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champion* anie onne.

I do not believe that *champion* was used as a *verb* by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

14. CONTAKE. T. 87. CONTEKE. E. II. 10.

—— I *contake* thie waie.

*Conteke* the dynnynge ayre and reche the skies.

*Conteke* is used by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no instance of its being used as a *verb*.

15. DERNE. Æ. 582. DERNIE. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didst boaste foe moche of actyon *derne*.

Oh Raufe, comme lyste and hear mie *dernie* tale.

O gentle Juga, heare mie *dernie* plainte.

He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

*Derne* is a Saxon adj. signifying *secret*, *private*, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. DROORIE.



## 16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,  
Bee placed in the same ———.

The only sence that I know of *druerie* is *courtship*, *gallantry*, which will not suit with this passage.

## 17. FONNES. E. II. 14. Æ. 421. FONS. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fonnes* rare ———.

On of the *fonnis* whych the clerche have made.

Quayntyffed *fons* depictedd on eche sheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer signifies a *fool*, and *fonnes*—*fools*; and Spenser uses *fon* in the same sence; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

## 18. KNOPPED. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froste of fere.

*Knopped* is used by Chaucer to signifie *fastened* with a button, from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would say that any thing was *buttoned with frost*?

## 19. LECTURN. Le. 46.

An onlist *lecturn* and a songe adygne.

I do not see that *lecturn* can possibly signifie any thing but a *reading-desk*, in which sence it is used by Chaucer.

## 20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.

Inne *lithie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any such word as this, we should naturally expect

pect it to follow the signification of *lithe*; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

*Clevis* or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ. 681.

In everich *eyne* aredyngge nete of wyere.

Wythe fyke an *eyne* shee swotelie hymm dydd view.

*Eyne*, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say—*In every eyes*;—*With such an eyes*.

HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 355.

*Heie*, the old plural of *He*, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in these poems.

THYSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyssen* was ever in use as the plural number of *this*. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular sorts they were. In the same manner *coyen*. *Æ.* 125. and *sothen*. *Æ.* 227. are put for *coy* and *sothe*, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the singular number in n* \*. I will set down a number of instances, in which *han* is used for the present or past time *singular* of the v. *Have*; only premising, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9. The Brytish Merlyn oftenne *hanne*

The gyfte of inspyration.

\* It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the singular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.

Ba. 2.

Ba. 2. The featherd songster chaunticleer

*Han* wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wyllie wyffen h-e *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. ——— Mie stede *han* notte mie love.

1184 *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wyllie

Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla  
fyllie.

G. 20. *Han* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a styng?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire she *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the bravest in the londe

*Han* by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* slayne a noble's son.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe

*Han* made his crymson bloude and spirits fle.

319. O Hengist, *han* thy cause bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,

And *han* that daie full manie Normannes fleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more instances should be wanted, see H. 1. 396. 429.

455. H. 2. 316. 713.—p. 275. ver. 4.—p. 281. ver. 63.—

p. 288. ver. 1.

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used *singularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fellen* on the ground and thus yspoke.

H. 2. 675. Bewopen Alfwoulde *fellen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned aboute and vilely *souten* fle.

H. 2. 349. Fallyng he *shooken* out his sinokynge braine.

H. 2. 344. His sprite—Ne *shoulden* find a place in anie songe.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyse—

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laste nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *shewn*, he *thoughten* coste no sinne.

See also H. 2. 376. where *thoughten*, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in Æ. 704.

*Enthoughteyng* for to scape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century;

tury; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him\*. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* †. In many cases, where the

\* This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled “*Englysh Metamorphosis*,” [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

† Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u u, and is entitled “*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt, &c.*”

words

words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right ; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explain any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical ; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315.

*A manner of asking a favour*, says Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

“ *All a bone*, exp. Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab AS. Bene, unde nostrum *Boon* additis particulis Fr. G. *A la*. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. 1. Col. 2.”

The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, *Canterb. Tales*, ver. 9492.

“ And alderfirst he bade hem *all a bone*,” i. e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer should have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver*, &c. And AUMERE in Æ. 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment*. And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

“ *Aumere* ex contextu videtur *Fimbria* vel *Infrita*, nescio an. a Teut. *Ambher*, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus seu ambitus, Ch. f. 119. p. 1. C. 1.”

BAWSIN. Æ. 57. *Large*. Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge*, *bulky*, Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of *Bawsin*, I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large*, than Skinner. “ *Bawsin*, exp. *Magnus*, *Grandis*, &c.”

BRONDEOUS. E. II. 24. *Furious*. Chatterton. BRONDED. H. 2. 568. BRONDEYNGE. Æ. 704. BYRLIE BRONDE. G. 7. *Fury*, *anger*. Chatterton. See also H. 2. 674.



All these uses of *Bronde*, and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. "*Bronde*, exp. *Furia*, &c." though in another place he explains *Burly brand* (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus ensis*. It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand*, if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Cresseide*, a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.

BURLED. M. 20. *Armed*. Chatterton, So Skinner, "*Burled*, exp. *Armatus*, &c."

BYSMARE. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. Chatterton. BYSMARELIE. Le. 26. *Curiously*. Chatterton. See also p. 285. ver. 141. BISMARDE.

It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained *Bismare* to mean *Curiositz*. The true meaning has been stated above, p. 318.

CALKE. G. 25. *Cast*. Chatterton. CALKED. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected*. Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. "*Talked*, exp. *Cast*, credo *Cast up*." Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out* and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "*Talked for Calculated*, Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I

think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankelins tale*, which in the common editions stands thus :

“ Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this.”

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in affixing to them exactly the same meaning.

I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.

ALYSE. Lc. 29. G. 180. *Allow*. Chatterton. See before, p. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. “ *Aliso*,

Authori

Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. *Allowed*, ab A.S. *Alfeþ*, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner f might be easily mistaken for a long s.

BESTOIKER. Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also Æ. 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "*Bestrike*, ab A.S. *Beryþcan*, *Spican*, *Decipere*, *Fallere*, *Prodere*, *Spica*, *Proditor*, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as *Bestrike*, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKIED. E. III. 4. *Naked*, original. Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "*Blake and bare*, videtur ex contextu prorsus *Nuda*, fort. q. d. *Black and Bare*, dum enim nudi sumus, eoque aeri expositi præ frigore palleſcimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 1. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the exposition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

HANCELLED. G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed*. Chatterton. *Hancelled* from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "*Hanceled*, exp *Cut off*, credo dici proprie, vel primario saltem, tantum de prima portione seu segmento quod ad tentandam seu explorandam rem abſcindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to Hansell a pasty or a gammon of bacon*." Chatterton, who had  
neither

neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning of this explanation; and understanding *Cut off* to mean *Destroyed*, he has used *Hancelled* in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate*. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. Chatterton.

*Shap* haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer *shap*.—

There ys ne house athrow thys *shap-scourged* isle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* should have been used in the English language to signify *Fate*, till I observed the following article in Skinner. “*Shap, now is my Shap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i. e.) now is it Shapen to me, ab A S. Sceapan, &c.*” I suppose that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand *now is my shap* to mean *now is my fate*.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight’s tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

*Now is me shape* eternally to dwelle

Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is me shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner’s explanation shews that he read *me*.

I fancy

I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance \*. I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument.

It

\* I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility*. C.—**Abessed**; —*Humiliatus*. Sk.

ABORNE; *Burnished*, C.—**Borne**; *Burnish*. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune*, *Abrewe*, *Acome*, *Aderne*, *Adygne*, *Agrame*, *Agremc*, *Alest*, &c.

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of *good*. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. **Abone**.—a Fr. G. *Abonnir*; *Bonum facere*.

ABREDYNGE; *Upbraiding*. C.—**Abrede**, exp. *Upbraid*. Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly*. C.—**Crool**, exp. *Murmurare*. Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADENTE, ADENTED; *Fastened, annexed*. C.—**Adent**; —*Configere, Conjungere*. Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is used in the sense of *raise*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of *Ajust*, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyse* and *Befoiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE,

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word *entirely*, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premisses, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more

DERNE, DERNIE; *Woful, lamentable, cruel*. C.—~~Derne~~; *Dirus, crudelis*. Sk.

DROORIE; *Modesty*. C.—~~Drury~~; *Modestia*. Sk.

FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—~~Fonnes~~; *Devifes*. Sk.

KNOPPED; *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.—~~Unopped~~; *Tied*. Sk.

LITHIE; *Humble*. C.—*Lithy*; *Humble*. Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nighthingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

probable

probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.











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